

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XVII

New York, Saturday, December 14, 1918

Number 215

Contents

Editorial Notes.....	175
Leading Editorials	
The Issue.....	178
The Limits of Reparation.....	180
The Meaning of Reconstruction.....	182
General Articles	
The President Relapses.....William Hard	184
The Nationalist Party in South Africa.....	
.....R. F. Alfred Hoernlé	186
Sibelius.....Paul Rosenfeld	189
The Blue Pencil.....Maxwell Anderson	192
One German Soldier.....Heber Blankenhorn	194
Correspondence.....	196
Reviews of Books	
Feet of Clay.....F. H.	199
The Importance of Not Being Stupid.....R. F. A. H.	200
Britain After the War.....H. J. L.	201

THE human background of President Wilson's reception in France is both dramatic and paradoxical. He goes as the chief of a great nation whose intervention in the war was instrumental in bringing victory to the Allied cause. His conduct of the diplomatic propaganda of the Allies and his insistence upon a peace whose durability would be based on a union between power and magnanimous justice furnished a needed and salutary moral reinforcement to the military exertions of the Allied nations. His personal prestige among the peoples of Europe as the spokesman of their interests is enormous and unprecedented. His reception in France will be one of the most magnificent ever granted by any nation to the political chief of a friendly power. Yet just before Mr. Wilson's arrival the official censor of the nation which is giving to him this enthusiastic greeting passes an interview—the longest interview from America published in Paris since the war began—with a prominent American opponent of the President, in which it is denied that Mr. Wilson is representative of America's public opinion. At this writ-

ing only the fact and not the contents of the interview with Nicholas Murray Butler has been published in the American papers, but if the fact is true the giving of the interview and its publication in France is surely prophetic of a Peace Conference which will be the opposite of peaceful. It means that Mr. Wilson's opponents in this country will go to any extreme which is necessary to impair the President's prestige and the success of his ambitious and lofty plans. It means that the President's opponents abroad are likely to take advantage of the divided public opinion of America in order to prevent his policies from being carried out. It means eventually a line-up throughout the world of liberal and popular as against Tory and class opinion for and against a victory at the peace table of power politics. We trust that such a conflict will not develop, but if it does develop will the American people back up their President or will they not?

AMERICAN liberals at the present time have no duty more important than that of preventing a disagreement and seeking a fair understanding between their own country and the British commonwealth. It only requires a little forbearance on both sides and a little honest consideration by each of the other nation's fundamental interests to reach an understanding. Winston Churchill, for instance, is quite right in testifying to the positive contribution made by British sea power to the progress of western democratic civilization. He is quite right in insisting that British sea power shall not be emasculated as long as the spectre of militarism continues to haunt the highways of international intercourse and to keep alive the old dangers to the freedom of nations. The control of the seas should remain for the present in the hands of a fleet which is predominantly British. But it is a pity that Mr. Churchill did not add to these perfectly true statements some recognition of the validity of the American counterclaim. During the war the British maritime supremacy has destroyed all those limitations upon neutral commerce with a belligerent which

were affirmed by the former American doctrine of the freedom of the seas. If these precedents are sustained, as in our opinion they should be sustained, the neutral no longer has any commercial rights during war as against a belligerent. But in that case nations which do not control the seas are entitled to definite safeguards against the possible abuse of sea power, and there is only one way in which such safeguards can be created. The nation which controls the seas in the declared interest of popular freedom and national security should seek and accept a definition by a league of free nations of the purposes for which this power of life and death over other maritime peoples should be exercised. The League of Nations is not for the present a substitute for British sea power, but it is a necessary antidote to British sea power. The League of Nations and not sea power must write the maritime law of the future.

ANYONE who is in doubt as to the reasons why European liberals insisted on the presence of President Wilson at the peace conference will find them in a leading article of the *London Daily News* of December 6th. That journal is as well informed as to the trend of events as any in Europe, and much better informed than any journal in America. "Is there anyone," it asks, "who is watching the movement of events who can say that the omens are favorable?" It is true that the President's fourteen points have been formally adopted, with one significant exception, but the acceptance of the letter is nothing. It is the acceptance of the spirit that matters. And in what quarter do we see signs of that? An election is imminent in this country, but in the appeal to the electorate by the members of the Coalition government there is an ominous absence of any considered or worthy reference to the supreme issue before the world. . . . Meanwhile are the omens better in France or Italy? In all the world who are the statesmen who are backing not the letter but the spirit of President Wilson's policy? Can we name one? Cannot we name a score who are subtly working against that policy?" One champion of democracy against all the adepts in the policies of craft and power: that, to put it plainly, is the present balance of international forces. Will President Wilson prevail, or, if defeated, will he come out into the open and acknowledge his defeat? Or will he yield the spirit and make a victorious show out of the letter? Much history will turn on the answers to these questions.

IF President Wilson eventually makes up his mind to appeal directly to liberal sentiment abroad for the support of his policies, he will not by any means be the first to go behind the constituted authorities of a foreign state to the parties in op-

position. The opponents of the Wilson policies are counting on employing precisely those tactics. They expect to avail themselves of Republican criticism in America to back-fire the President. On this point it is worth quoting the *London Spectator*. "President Wilson has not the least chance of getting any treaty ratified which is repugnant to the sentiments of the Republican party. We take it that the opinions of the Republican party may fairly be summarized by saying that they are framed in unreserved support of Great Britain and France. It is well to understand this situation, as it enables us to approach the Peace Conference with all confidence. It gives ourselves and the French a position of greater power, which we must neither abuse nor fail to use." In other words, the British and French, or rather, Lloyd George and Clemenceau, can use Wilson when they find him useful, and go beyond him to the Republicans when that is profitable. That is indeed a position of great power, if it is true that there is no American view, independent of the political sparring of Republicans and Democrats, which finds support among European liberals just as British and French imperialism find support among American Bourbons.

GRANT that a thoroughly impartial international commission had established the fact that the Kaiser did personally will the war; that if he had willed otherwise, the peace would not have been disturbed. Would this justify us in demanding his extradition for trial? Had we any such thing as a body of international law, written or unwritten, that outlawed war, or defined the crime of making war? Or did we live under an insane and immoral international system that treated war itself as perfectly lawful, whether defensive or offensive? And shall we not continue to live under such a system unless the peace congress is bold enough and honest enough to establish institutions placing a ban on war? It is worth noting that those who are crying most loudly for the punishment of the Kaiser as the author of the war are the very men who were most bitterly opposed to general international arbitration, who insisted most strongly that in any arbitration treaty we might make, all questions of honor and vital interests must be reserved. Who was to determine whether a specific dispute involved the national honor and the vital interests justifying war? Ourselves. Could not the Kaiser plead that in his judgment Germany's honor and vital interests were involved? We may not like to admit it, but there is not the slightest justification in existing law for the punishment of the Kaiser, as a war maker. There ought to be; there will be in future if the peace makers do their work. But for the present it is more important that the nations refrain from establishing precedents of retroactive

legislation than that they wreak vengeance upon any particular representative of the old regime.

THE proposal to punish the Kaiser and other German leaders for atrocities in the conduct of the war, stands on an altogether different footing. International law, while refusing to go behind the fact of war to the rights and wrongs of it, has established at least some fairly definite rules expected to mitigate its horrors. Deliberate bombing of hospitals, barbarous treatment of prisoners and the like have long been recognized as crimes, differing in no essential respect from crimes punishable by civil law. It would probably be a wholesome precedent if after a war a universal assize were set up to hear and determine all charges of this character. But such an assize ought not to confine itself to hearing charges against the enemy. If there have been criminal acts on our side, we ought to insist upon justice being meted out to their perpetrators, rather more strictly, perhaps, than to the enemy criminals. Not only the general welfare, but our own fair name is at stake when we permit crimes committed in our cause to go unpunished. We may believe that our conduct of the war has been irreproachable; or if we make more generous allowance for the community of human nature, we can still affirm our conviction that all the charges that can be brought against us or any of our Allies, including even Russia of the unregenerate days of the Tsar, bulk as nothing by the side of German frightfulness. But the greater our faith in our own record, the more imperative the requirement upon us that we should make the inquiry into war-crime an impartial matter. Else the punishment will be vengeance, not justice.

IT was a malicious and shabby proceeding on the part of the Department of Justice to give publicity to the names of those writers and college professors whom some irresponsible German, before American entrance into the war, classed as friendly to his country. Some of the men named were pro-German in the sense of being anti-American, but most of them were patriotic Americans who wished American national interests to be asserted against Great Britain as well as against Germany. A peculiarly unjust attack is that upon Albert Bushnell Hart. All that he did to deserve it was to protest somewhat vehemently early in the war against the way in which the British were stretching their right to hamper neutral commerce with Germany. But almost all American business interests, newspapers, international lawyers and politicians were uttering at that time similar protests. It was not until later, when Germany began to use the submarine as a commerce destroyer that American opinion began to understand the dangerous conse-

quences of carrying too far the controversy with Great Britain and to take refuge in a benevolent neutrality. Professor Hart and many of his fellow-sufferers have a right to resent the publication of such a list unless at the same time accompanied by a statement of the facts and an exoneration of the men whose loyalty is beyond suspicion.

THOSE Germans who bear the picturesque name of Spartacides are revolutionary socialists, who desire the complete overthrow of the present moderate Socialist government and the substitution therefor of a Soviet government of soldiers and workmen. They want a dictatorship of the proletariat, even at the cost of a bloody social upheaval. They are not chiefly interested in terms of peace or in the friendship of the Allies or even in the temporary fate of Germany; what they want is a world proletarian revolution. Whether or not they will succeed we do not now know, for we are totally ignorant of the relative strength of the two opposing groups. All the forces of cohesion in Germany, except the irreconcilable reactionaries, may probably be relied upon to support a moderate government anxious to secure bread and work and peace for Germany, and these cohesive elements are much more powerful than in Russia because Germany is more highly developed, intelligent, disciplined and industrialized. The present disorder and uncertainty, however, aid the forces of revolution and the economic conditions also favor that cause. If the millions of soldiers, about to be disbanded, are unable to secure jobs or food, if economic distress spreads throughout the republic or if the terms of peace are so onerous that these demobilized but armed men become desperate, the chances of a successful revolutionary uprising will not be inconsiderable. With Russia in the hands of the Bolsheviki, with central and eastern Europe on the verge of famine and with several of the nations about to be created already fighting among themselves for territory, a victory for the Spartacides in Germany, even if only temporary, would render a settlement of the European problem according to the wishes of the Allies extraordinarily difficult.

THE cost of living in Philadelphia has increased 67.17 per cent since 1914, while the salaries of Philadelphia teachers have increased not one per cent. In the desperation of trying to adjust these two conditions to each other the teachers and their sympathizers are forwarding a bill which provides for a temporary increase in the salaries of Pennsylvania teachers for the next two years. After that time the charter of Philadelphia can be revised to raise more money for schools but meanwhile the minimum wage of Philadelphia's most important profession is \$600 a year.

The Issue

ON the eve of President Wilson's departure for Europe Senator Knox presented for the consideration of his colleagues a series of resolutions which demand of every American interested in the victory of American war policy the most exact and the most earnest consideration. The preamble to the resolution recites that the United States entered the war in order to "vindicate the ancient rights to navigation as established under international law and in order to remove forever the German menace to our peace," that American aims are "expressed as restitution, reparation and guaranty against the German menace," and that the surrender of Germany and Austria-Hungary has already realized or rendered enforceable the whole of those aims. It then goes on to declare that the policy of the United States at the Conference should be confined to the realization of the aims defined in the preamble and to their future safeguarding by a definite understanding that, if the same necessity arises in the future, there shall be the same "complete accord and cooperation with our chief co-belligerents for the defense of civilization." The resolution ends by declaring in substance that projects such as a general league of nations or any sweeping "changes in the ancient laws of the seas" are irrelevant to the war aims of the United States and to the defense of civilization. They should be postponed for future consideration.

These resolutions define the issue between President Wilson and his opponents, between those who believe and those who do not believe in a League of Free Nations with satisfactory sharpness and finality. If they are adopted they would imply the emphatic repudiation by the Senate of the whole war diplomacy of President Wilson and its contemptuous indifference to the idealistic leaven which the President has labored to infuse into the Allied war aims. In January, 1917, the French and British governments defined the objects for which they were fighting, in the very words of the Knox resolution, as restitution, reparation and guaranties for the future. The definition was not considered satisfactory by liberal and democratic opinion throughout the world. All agreed upon the necessity of restitution and reparation, but what was the nature of the guaranties? The phrase could be used to justify a treaty of peace intended merely to deprive the German nation of future independence while at the same time authorizing the Allied enemies of Germany to use a victory for the purpose of realizing their own nationalist and imperialist purposes. As a matter of fact the nature of the guaranties contemplated by the Allied governments was clearly revealed by their secret agreements one with

another. If the old agreements are ever carried out, they will perpetuate the competition for preponderance of power which was the ruling idea of the pre-war Europe. It is this suicidal competition for preponderance of power as the foundation of national security which has always prevented the United States from participating in European political controversies. If they were to enter the great war without violating one of their most precious traditions, they must do so, not merely for the purpose of removing the German menace, but for that of emasculating the power politics characteristic of the old European system, of which German imperialism was only a peculiarly flagrant instance. Hence it was that the President in his declaration of the war aims of the United States restated the issue so as to infuse our war policy with the traditional American aspiration for some authentic organization of international right. He insisted that the guaranties should be general rather than specific and should strike at the root of the international competition for power. The world was to be made safe not merely for France, Great Britain and America as against Germany, but for democracy in all countries, for free peoples everywhere and under all circumstances. He proposed the League of Nations as the instrument of this general guaranty of future security.

The Knox resolutions treat this lofty flight of American diplomacy as if it had nothing to do with the war. As a consequence of the President's statements of America's aims the American nation has fought the war, convinced that victory over Germany would bring a new birth of freedom to mankind. The English government at least has acquiesced in the President's general programme. The workers in France and Great Britain were encouraged to subdue their war-weariness by his projected vision of a society of free nations. Finally the morale of the enemy peoples was undermined by his appeal to democratic aspirations everywhere and by his promise to safeguard the interests of all free peoples. These results Republicans propose to ignore. After winning the war on a programme of international democracy, they now wish to resurrect the ambiguous and in some respects sinister Allied statement of war aims of January, 1917. They are as willing as the Allies were in 1917 to conceal under the word "guaranties" a mere bargain among the victors for territorial acquisitions and economic opportunities and then to call this result a triumph of civilization. But, from the point of view of American ideas, this is not the worst of their offense. The Republicans are no less willing to pledge all the economic and military resources of the American people in support of a treaty of peace in which, so far as America is con-

cerned, no attempt is made to avoid the defeat of democracy and this resurrection of power politics. The Knox resolutions say in effect to the imperialists in the French, British and Italian governments: "Write any treaty of peace you please, so long as it breaks German military power. Deal as you will with the guaranties against any renewal of the German menace. The principles or lack of principle which you write into the settlement are a matter of entire indifference to us. All we want you to do is to crush Germany. Then, after you have written into the public law of Europe the most drastic possible safeguards against the recovery of Germany, forged, if you please, out of strategic frontiers and economic discrimination, America will enter into an alliance with you for the purpose of keeping Germany down and preserving your future preponderance of power."

American liberals have every reason to thank Senator Knox and his Republican associates for introducing resolutions which state so frankly and so luminously the difference between their policy and that of the President. They are inviting the American people to abandon the President's policy and accept their alternative solution. The President seeks to introduce into the relations and transactions among nations "the reign of law backed on the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind." Senators Knox and Lodge are willing to perpetuate the reign of force, based only on the continued military and economic supremacy of the victors in the recent war. They ask for no guaranties that the policy of victors shall safeguard democracy and promote popular liberty and organize international right. They would not interfere with the details of the European settlement. Yet after the settlement is written and no matter how it is written, they are willing permanently to pledge the American nation to fight for the maintenance of the settlement.

The Knox and Wilson programmes are not only sharply contrasted but they are mutually exclusive. The Senate resolutions disguise this incompatibility by proposing to postpone the attempt to establish the reign of law instead of entirely abandoning it. The implication is that an alliance among the victors, designed to secure permanent preponderance of power, would not prevent the subsequent organization of a League of Free Nations. The implication is not justified. If the war ends in an alliance of the victors intended chiefly to perpetuate their own supremacy, there will be no chance as long as the alliance lasts of forming an authentic League of Free Nations. For the decisive advantage of the Alliance compared to the League of Free Nations could consist in nothing but the ability which the Allied Powers would obtain to ignore

considerations of justice and the need of security of the vanquished in writing the terms of peace. If the Knoxes, the Lodges and their analogues in Europe do not propose to consult almost exclusively the interest and the future power of the victors in writing the peace, why should they object so uncompromisingly to any subordination of the policy of the victors to the rule of impartial law? And if the treaty of peace does not embody the reign of law, based on the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind, the indispensable condition of the subsequent formation of a League of Free Nations which did seek to embody the reign of law would be the dissolution of the Alliance and the abrogation of the reactionary treaty of peace.

The contradiction between the two programmes cannot be overcome and the ensuing issue cannot be escaped. It is born of the most fundamental needs of a war-exhausted world and of the essential nature of the obligations which, if the need is to be satisfied, the larger nations must assume. The peoples of the world want and need security. One condition of future security is the acceptance by every nation which signs the treaty of peace of a peculiarly binding promise to live up to its obligations. The engagements into which they enter as a result of the settlement will be pledges of the utmost solemnity which they must be ready to redeem at any cost to themselves and the redemption of which they must be willing, if necessary, to force on other signatories. The Knox resolutions, for instance, pledge the American people to complete accord and cooperation with their present co-belligerents should the "same necessity arise in the future" which is equivalent, of course, to a defensive alliance with those Powers to prevent any future violation of the treaty. Yet, no matter how solemn the engagements are, they will not continue to be observed unless they express progressive and enduring principles of international association. The Allies cannot write a treaty of Vienna, based upon the trafficking of power among themselves, and then seek to monument their structure by a Holy Alliance among the exclusively legitimate States. If the obligation to observe a treaty is to be authoritative and permanent, the treaty must be built of trustworthy materials, and it must deserve as much loyalty as it exacts. No democratic nation with the traditions of the United States can undertake such a solemn covenant without sufficient assurances that the specific provisions which it promises to enforce with all its resources, do not create popular grievances, provoke international dissension and make ultimately for the exploitation of one nation by another.

The issue turns, consequently, on the nature of

the pledge which the American people will utter when they ratify the treaty of peace. If the informing principle of the treaty is, as the President proposes, a League of Nations which embodies the reign of law, based on the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind, they will sign a document which is the realization of the noblest traditions in America's foreign policy, which will emancipate the American nation from the temptation of entangling foreign alliances, and which will earn hereafter the most complete and solemn loyalty of the American people. But if, as the Knox resolutions propose, the attempt to associate with the treaty of peace an instrument and a rule of impartial justice among nations is abandoned, the American nation by ratifying the treaty will renounce the greatest benefit which our forbears crossed the Atlantic in order to obtain, and the present American government will sign a pledge that some future American government will repudiate. The Knox resolutions would commit the United States to a hideously entangling alliance. It would pledge the nation to support all the French, British and Italian interests involved in the settlement, no matter whether they proved to be justifiable or not. The United States might be placed in the impossible position, even from the point of view of power politics, of promising to fight for all the special national policies of its Allies but for none of its own, because none of its own would be embodied in the treaty. The bargain looks absurd, but it would not be so absurd as it looks. It would leave this country free to take advantage of the economic handicaps of the other Powers in order to push an aggressive policy of foreign trade expansion. The obligations which America would assume under a League of Nations would prevent American business from enjoying a free hand in the future competition for international markets. The obligations which she would assume under the alliance proposed by the Knox resolutions would not involve any such drawbacks. The bargain might consequently be profitable for American capital, but what an ignoble harvest from the blood with which American crusaders have soaked the fields of France!

The Limits of Reparation

WHEN Germany, bragging of her bright sword and her "good old German God" came marching triumphantly through Belgium, destroying as she went, the people of the Allied and neutral countries were first stunned, then outraged. They solemnly vowed that the invader should pay in full for his ruthlessness. German lands should

be plundered for the Belgian lands laid waste, and for every Belgian killed, wounded, robbed, enslaved or constrained due reparation should be exacted. There were many passionate men and women who went further and dreamed of a revenge on Germany that the world should never be able to forget. They pictured the burning of German cities, the slaying of panic-stricken, fleeing German citizens, the ravishing of German women, even the spiking of German infants upon the long lances of cavalrymen. The horrors of the Thirty Years' War, as depicted in contemporary chronicles and in intolerably realistic wood cuts, should again be visited upon a people that had forsworn its civilization and morality. The feeling of hate, spasmodic but intense, still survives. You still meet charming well-gloved, low-voiced women who frankly hope that the sixty-seven million Germans will be painlessly, or painfully, exterminated.

Today Germany has surrendered unconditionally, and the people who desired full reparation as well as those who demanded revenge have seemingly a blank sheet upon which to write down the terms of peace. Here is a chance for reparation, retribution, security for future conduct. Germany can make no conditions.

Yet conditions are set by our own necessities and desires and we find ourselves limited in the writing of the treaty by a mass of restrictions that we had not anticipated. The truth of the matter is that our rash, uncircumscribed phantasy treaties were written in air; they were dreams in which no obstacles of reality were met. The actual treaties, however, must be written on the skins of living men, capable of anger, obstinacy and affection, men who in defeat as in victory help to make up humanity and shape the world. They are also written on an even more delicate fabric, a texture that holds the world together, that rips and tears and unites again. We have got to live in a world with Germans and Austrians as well as with other peoples whom we do not love and who do not love each other, and by one means or another we must bind these peoples together in a not utterly intolerable association. Whatever else happens we cannot afford to destroy ourselves in order to destroy others, to cut off our nose to spite our face.

At every point the advocates of a vindictively uncompromising peace run into unforeseen dilemmas. Either you make reasonable terms with your enemy or you prevent the terms from being carried out; either you make reasonable terms or you injure yourself. You levy heavy indemnities and they are not paid or they are paid by you yourself. You try the Kaiser by more or less due process of law and you hang him by the neck until he is dead—completely and finally dead—and all you have ac-

complished is to restore life to the things for which the aging and inconsequent Kaiser stands. You kill the body and give life and vigor to the tradition.

All these dilemmas restrict our freedom of decision. Consider the choice between what are probably the minimum Allied demands and the actual needs of future peace. In a noteworthy article in Sunday's New York Tribune Mr. Frank H. Simonds points out this dilemma. You may have either reparation and justice, he says, or a real League of Nations; you cannot have both. Justice and reparation, he believes, means the cession of Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig, Prussian Poland, including Danzig, and the German colonies, together with a payment by Germany of from ten to twenty billions of dollars. But we also want a League of Nations to keep the peace of the world; and "unless Germany is a willing and sincere partner in this enterprise the League of Nations will be a failure, for its success must rest upon its universality"; and the Germans will not become such a willing and sincere partner if the League is "organized by their enemies who have just imposed upon them this terrific sentence." At the Congress of Vienna the Allied monarchs, having banished "the Corsican usurper" and restored the true King, allowed France to go almost scot-free in order to bring her into the Alliance and thus perpetuate peace. Will the present enemies of Germany, faced with a similar choice between retribution and the hope of peace, be forced to forego a part of what they feel to be their just claims against their late enemy?

In the matter of the size of the indemnity a similar dilemma presents itself. An indemnity is made to be paid; it is not a mere example in mental arithmetic. If it is too large it will not be paid at all, and even if not excessive it must be paid partly at the expense of the nations receiving it. Germany can pay only by manufacturing and exporting goods that would otherwise have been manufactured by England, France and other countries. The tribute paid by Germany to Belgium may throw Belgian workers out of employment and even force them to emigrate. Even in the midst of an election campaign Lloyd George is forced to see this dilemma. Germany must pay, he says, but she must not be allowed to dump her goods upon England. Still she must either dump them then on neutral markets, where they will displace British goods, or the indemnity payments cannot be met.

Where even reparation is difficult, how is vengeance safe or even possible? Wherever we strike we hit ourselves. If we hang the Kaiser we strengthen the Imperial ideal. If we root out the Hohenzollern brood we create a Hohenzollern myth, immortal as that of the "martyred" Charles the First. If we destroy the present moderate So-

cialist government in Germany, as we easily can by the imposition of certain terms, we defeat our purposes in two ways; we throw northern Germany into the hands of an ultra-revolutionary party, willing and able to play a desperate game of passive resistance and capable perhaps of ultimately organizing half of Europe against us, and, further, we split Germany into a group of little nations, among whom it will be difficult to distribute the burden of the indemnity, and none of whom can be easily forced to observe the treaty. To go arms in hand into such a dismembered and perhaps chaotic Germany in order to restore order and create a government with which to deal is possible but for internal reasons delicate if not dangerous. No doubt the recognition of a moderate Socialist government in Germany would give to German Socialists the leadership in the world's proletarian movement but not to recognize it, and not to help it, presents more immediate and more menacing perils.

What is to happen no one can foretell. It will depend upon the mood, the purpose and the philosophy of the great Congress of Versailles. More and more, however, it is becoming apparent that the peace cannot be written, and, if written, cannot possibly be enforced according to the earlier ideas of the Allied statesmen. The peace must regard the future more than the past. It must have as its ideal the reconstruction of the world far more than the punishment of evil-doers. We are facing the danger of international chaos, and there is nothing in all the discussions of international crime and punishment that carries us very far towards the avoidance of that chaos.

The possibility of chaos arises from the fact that the old land-marks are gone. The war has pulled up the anchors of the world and has nullified and destroyed powerful conservative forces. To have ended the imperialist regime in Germany, destroyed the Tsardom and shattered the oppressive and ridiculously inefficient Austro-Hungarian tyranny were great accomplishments, but against the permanent good we must balance a temporary evil. These old tyrannous institutions had the convenience of conserving, binding, holding. Today we have new states born and about to be born, rash and ambitious states, ready to risk the world peace in order to extend their frontiers. At this moment, Poles are fighting Ruthenians and are killing and being killed, and a Polish pogrom against the Jews is reported from Lemberg. Over all of central and eastern Europe there hovers the cloud of internecine warfare. There is also the danger of an international class war. If Germany and Austria join Russia in an ultra-revolutionary movement, it will be difficult to avoid conflict with

western Europe. Only a wise moderation and a tolerant attitude towards Germany, Russia and the new states of Austria-Hungary will solve the problem.

The problem is one of prevention, of healing, of rehabilitation; it is not primarily a problem of gaining "just" rights by force. At the Peace Conference, if it is to be fruitful, every nation will be compelled to make sacrifices, to content itself with less than it desires, with less than it considers the absolute minimum of justice. The peace cannot be dictated by revenge or even solely by an unyielding demand for just reparation. It must be a peace intended to bind together in harmonious association nations that do not love each other and that believe that they have divergent national interests.

The Meaning of Reconstruction

THE war is over: let us forget it. Let us make money, and have a good time. That is the characteristic mood of peoples issuing from under the frightful shadow of war. It is a mood one can detect today wherever men of affairs feel themselves free to give expression to their real sentiments. Of course there is something to be done in the way of reconstruction, they grant. But when one knows of parcels of real estate absolutely certain to jump in price, of stock exchange values to be had for a song, of markets going begging and promising enterprises to be floated, when down on Broadway or State or Main the theatres and cabarets are offering rich entertainment, it is difficult to give large space in one's mind to so vague a conception as reconstruction. What does it mean, after all?

Everyone knows we ought not to return to exactly the state of affairs that obtained before the war. The most devoted admirer of the days gone by does not want the railways returned to their owners under the old injunction to compete where competition injures everybody, and to trim their sails to the blasts from forty-eight independent regulatory jurisdictions. Nobody wants business to go back to its old condition of skating over the thin ice of the Sherman law whenever it is disposed to do anything daring. And only the most reactionary few would desire to see the relations of labor and capital restored exactly to the pre-war footing. A patch is obviously needed here and there on the old garment clothing the naked play of selfish interests out of which we derived our national power and welfare.

Is that all that reconstruction means? Then, in Heaven's name, let us drop the term and talk about the specific things we propose to do. Let us forget the high-sounding phrases of the statesmen when

they promised working humanity, as the price of their labor and blood, that a new democratic era should succeed upon the old era of exploitation and class rule. The cynical are saying, nowadays, that President Wilson's disquisitions on a peace of justice have served their purpose in undermining German morale, and may therefore be consigned to the discard. How about the disquisitions on democracy, for which the world was to be made safe? Were they just phrases, intended to bolster up our war morale, and therefore of no further use? No. The statesmen who uttered them have too many interests at stake to allow themselves to be parties to so barefaced a fraud.

What do the peoples in fact expect from reconstruction? They do not expect a millennium, when there shall be neither rich nor poor, when the soil will yield its fruits by any other title than hard and continuous labor. Working humanity is not utopian. But it does expect that national purpose, national foresight, will permeate the system of industry from which the average man must win employment and the necessities of life. Does anyone allege that we had arranged matters well under the pre-war scheme, when a change in the financial skies might at any moment thrust hundreds of thousands of workingmen into enforced idleness, their wives and children into misery and despair? When there was no guaranty whatever that the prices of necessities would not soar beyond the purchasing power of those who needed them? When we relied upon excessive infant mortality and the disability and premature death of hosts of children and adults to effect a rough adjustment between the supply of labor and the demand for it, to mitigate the effects of a system that might or might not provide sanitary housing, wholesome food and decent clothing for all who needed them? Consider how we licensed the captains of industry and the steamship companies to flood the country with immigrant labor in the rare times when prosperity was at its crest, to weigh down the fortunes of the masses with an army of the unemployed when prosperity declined toward its crisis. It is incredible that we ever endured such a system. Plainly, we shall not return to it if we can see beyond the possibilities of immediate profit to the requirements of a sane and orderly national development.

Employment, then, first of all, must become an object of national solicitude. At all times there must be work, and at living wages, for everyone, man or woman, who wants work. But suppose there is not work enough to be done? That is an absurd supposition. So long as there are wants urgently demanding satisfaction, there is work to be done. It may be that private enterprise will not mediate satisfactorily between productive

energy and the needs of the people. It never has mediated satisfactorily in the past. But then we must supplement private enterprise with public action. And once we are clear that employment must at all times be available, that when private employers close down the labor released will have to be absorbed by public works, we shall discover many useful corollaries relating to our public policy. There will be a new responsibility about the importation of labor. Foreign trade, which by its expansion or contraction may regulate the flow of employment, will take on a new meaning for us. The problems of training labor will present themselves in a new light when we recognize that the transfer from one employment to another is a public concern.

Employment for all who are capable of work is an essential of the new era. But how about the unfit, the incapacitated? In the new era the incapacitation of the worker will not relieve us of the obligation to provide him with an adequate flow of necessities. Perhaps the burden may be reduced by systematic efforts to salvage those we have been accustomed to reject as unemployable. In so far as the burden must be borne, it may be through an extension of the insurance principle. The uncertainty that has attended labor incomes must be lifted, that is the fundamental requirement. By what methods, we need not here consider in detail. Anyway, one method may avail at one time and place, another at another. At one time we may rely more upon public, at another upon private initiative. We are not wedded to means: only to ends.

The incomes of the masses depend on employment, but that is only one side of the question. The other side is the supply of necessities and their price. It is not impossible to fix upon a standard of consumption, including adequate housing, clothing, food, fuel, below which the average laborer ought not to be allowed to fall, in the new democracy won by war. We can not take it for granted that the components of this standard will be provided by the free play of private interests. There is abundant evidence that desire for profit may sometimes lead men to export food supplies when not enough is at hand to cover the wants of the population. The play of self-interest may pack a working class into narrow, insanitary quarters; it may create so wide a margin between prices of food to the consumer and prices to the producer that the former can not afford to buy or the latter to sell. In a reconstructed world we shall not make a fetish out of self interest. We shall utilize it as a means of meeting ends determined socially. If private enterprise as at present organized can provide us with housing and with food within the limits set by

the wages it is possible to earn, then such private enterprise is a useful instrument for our social purpose. If it can not, we shall have to effect a re-organization of private enterprise, to insure greater efficiency, or thrust it aside altogether. It is from this point of view, and from this alone, that the democratic masses can be interested in the proposed reconstruction of business. When business is given its proper place as primarily an instrument for supplying social needs and only secondarily as a field for making private profit, the whole of society will have an interest in fixing conditions under which business can operate with the maximum efficiency.

It is not an essential part of the conception of the reconstructed state that differences in private fortunes should be eliminated. It is not essential that the struggle of men for position and power should be abated. But what is essential is that in the midst of the economic struggle, the supplying of the vital necessities of the people should go on without interruption and that the people should have access to the necessary supplies, by title of work that may be had whatever the financial conjuncture. If private enterprise can not supply the work, then the state must, though the taxing power be employed to the limit. We did not stint our resources when the problem was one of destroying the alien enemies of democracy. Uncertainty as to tomorrow's bread, insanitary living quarters, the undernourishment of children, education rendered ineffective for want of adequate personnel or material, or curtailed for the sake of the profits of child labor, are enemies of democracies as dangerous as the Kaiser ever was. If we are wise we shall not stint our resources in the war against those enemies. Victory in this warfare is the only guaranty we can have that our institutions will not go the way of those that have been tried and found wanting.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1918, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.
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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE: REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

The President Relapses

THE President's last speech to Congress is a relapse into the methods by which he bogged the beginning of the war. Again he commits all the difficulties of a new era to the ordinary energies of his ordinary departments. And again he is on his way to extraordinary confusions.

At the very moment while he was telling Congress that "readjustment" would quite well take care of itself there were discharged soldiers within a mile of him who were giving him the lie direct.

They had been discharged at the gates of nearby camps. The War Department had been implored not to discharge them there. It had been implored to send all soldiers all the way back home to their local draft boards to be welcomed and to be honored and to be restored to their families and to their jobs before being finally dismissed and demobilized.

But the local draft boards were among the extraordinary agencies of the war. Orders were issued to them to get ready to disappear. They would not be needed any longer. The old established routine agencies would now be enough. And our soldiers would be flicked off into the air from the gates of their camps by the General Staff.

It is being done. And some of the first victims of it were vagrants and beggars on Pennsylvania Avenue while the President was saying in the Capitol: "It is surprising how fast the process of return to a peace-footing has moved in the three weeks since the fighting stopped." This "process" for these men was as follows:

By their camp commanders they were given their discharge certificates and their final statements of their pay. By their camp commanders they were also given certain allowances of money with which to buy railway tickets. They bought railway tickets. The theory of the General Staff was that they would buy them for home. The fact is that these young men were young men. They had been tied tight for some time. Now they were on the loose. And the tickets they bought and used were tickets for the nearest place at which they could be on the loose as much as possible.

Such a place was Baltimore. It was near and it was wet. And there, while their fathers and mothers were awaiting them at home, they got rid of their discipline and of their cash.

Their fathers and mothers were many miles—perhaps hundreds—perhaps thousands—away. The one army agency close to all fathers and mothers, and close to all employers, physically, was the local draft board. Our local draft boards could pigeon-hole our soldiers back into their families and farms

and factories as neatly as they funneled them out. They could do it if a system for it were issued to them in one pamphlet of instructions from the office of the Provost Marshal General. But the President thinks that the whole "process of return to a peace-footing" is so smooth and so simple by nature that "it promises," as he said to Congress, "to outrun any inquiry that may be instituted and any aid that may be offered, and it will not be easy to direct it any better than it can direct itself." And so, in this case, it directed itself at last from Baltimore to Washington.

It arrived in Washington with a few stray cents of carfare in its pockets, and it wandered up and down Pennsylvania Avenue soliciting "inquiry" in the shape of personal individual pity and soliciting "aid" in the shape of personal individual alms.

The advance guard of our demobilized army was panhandling on Pennsylvania Avenue while the President was saying: "From no quarter have I seen any scheme of 'reconstruction' emerge which I thought it likely we could force our spirited business men and our self-reliant laborers to accept with due pliancy and obedience."

It was a small advance guard. Demobilization is yet small. When demobilization gets big there will be thousands of sons of spirited business men and of self-reliant laborers who will accept a dime or a five^{cent} toward their carfare home, from the President or from anybody else, with the utmost degradation of pliancy and obedience. And there will be thousands of fathers and of mothers who will want to know why a little "inquiry" and "aid" beforehand would not have been better than the enormous "inquiry" and "aid" which will have to be furnished when their sons have been soiled with all the dirt between a distant camp and the spot where the home-fires have been kept burning.

And the spirited business men themselves will be asking, and are now asking, certain questions about their businesses. The copper business, for instance, is a large business and an essential business. What will happen to it?

It has been going forward under a price arrangement made by the War Industries Board. The President says truly, and with pride amply earned, that "never before have there been agencies in existence in this country which knew so much of the field of supply, of labor and of industry as the War Industries Board, the War Trade Board, the Food Administration and the Fuel Administration since their labors became thoroughly systematized." But now the war is over; and now "our people do not

wait to be coached and led. They know their own business, are quick and resourceful at every readjustment, definite in purpose and self-reliant in action." Therefore "the moment we knew the armistice to have been signed, we took the harness off."

We did. By the end of December there will be no War Industries Board. Mr. Baruch is disbanding it. He has collected the photographs of all his dollar-a-year colleagues to make a great album or gallery for his reminiscent eyes in his old age. He has paid the railway fares of all his humbler colleagues back to their homes. And he has given each of them a bonus of a few weeks of wages. The private pocketbook of Barney Baruch is prompter and more generous than the treasury of the Republic. And on January 1st the offices of the War Industries Board will be virtually empty.

On January 1st, also, the price arrangement with the copper industry will have expired. The price of copper will then drop. It has dropped already in many private sales. But the wage of the copper miner is by custom proportioned to the price of copper in the market. Therefore the copper owner will ask the copper miner to accept a reduced wage. But the price of food will not have dropped. The cost of living will not have dropped. Therefore the copper miner will refuse to accept a reduced wage. And both sides will be conscious of right. And a great disturbance in the copper districts, with strikes and posses and mobs and deportations, is widely expected.

To prevent it from happening, a plan was proposed to the government for stabilizing copper prices and copper wages through an arrangement quite similar to the one which was contrived and sanctioned by the War Industries Board during the war. The government would continue to be the arbiter of prices and of wages throughout the time of the difficult change from war to peace. But the government's theory is that there is no difficulty in that change. And the government's theory also is that business men cannot cooperate for the common good under common guidance in times of peace. "Any leading strings we might seek to put them in would speedily become hopelessly tangled," said the President to Congress, "because they [the business men] would pay no attention to them and would go on their way."

They pay attention, one must hope, to the rulings of the Federal Reserve Board (which Mr. Wilson created) with regard to discount rates. They pay attention, one must hope, to the rulings of the Federal Trade Commission (which Mr. Wilson created) with regard to unfair competition. But they would pay no attention to the rulings of any new governmental body, even if they them-

selves should be the ones to request those rulings.

Therefore the proposed plan for the stabilizing of the copper industry in the period of reconstruction was rejected. And no other plan was adopted. And the War Industries Board is vanishing. And when the copper districts are hopelessly tangled in their next quarrel between Capital and Labor, the government will have to congratulate itself simply on being untangled—hopelessly untangled—with the lives of its citizens in the copper business.

Surely it cannot be thought that this utter refusal of public responsibility for the public welfare is genuinely desired either by Capital or by Labor. Yet in the President's whole speech there are only three acceptances of responsibility within the field of domestic American affairs. One is to the effect that the tax-rate for 1920 should be fixed now. One is to the effect that the railways cannot be put back into the precise legal position which they occupied before the war. And one is to the effect that there ought to be great federal public works for the employment of labor (and of capital) during the transition from war industry to peace industry.

The first two of these three acceptances could be underwritten by almost any reactionary. They raise no dispute between sensible reactionaries and sensible liberals. The third is an essay in actual applied liberalism. But the application is wanting.

In order to get great public works by the federal government next spring, promptly, it is necessary to have a centralized agency by which those works can be assembled and promoted. No such agency exists. The Department of the Interior will present its excellent plans for the expenditure of billions of dollars on the reclamation of hundreds of millions of acres of arid land and cut-over land and swamp land. The Council of National Defense will present its excellent plans for the expenditure of colossal sums of money on colossal systems of roads. The people interested in rivers and harbors will present their increased estimates of the cost of bringing all rivers and harbors and inlets and creeks and dew-trickles in western Texas to a state of navigability. And all other groups of people, amounting to at least fourteen or fifteen, will equally present their equally attractive and persuasive sets of ideas.

And Congress will debate them. And Congress is busy. And Congress is interested in the exchange of favors—which takes time. And each of the ordinary departments of government will press its favorite claims upon Congress. And there is no extraordinary department or agency or bureau empowered to winnow and consolidate those claims. By definition there is no need of any such body. The old established governmental bodies are enough. And Congress will do what it has always

in such circumstances naturally done. Nothing consolidated. Nothing comprehensive. Nothing prompt. And Congress cannot be blamed. It cannot by its own force unify the administrative departments to any common purpose. And therefore there will be no unified system of federal public works to combat unemployment.

The Allied governments and the associated government won this war. It is accordingly assumed that the associated government did its best and utmost. The statistics soon to be published on that point will completely destroy that illusion. They will prove that the whole military-industrial programme of the United States during the first twelve months of the war was a feeble and futile failure. It was a failure precisely because Mr. Wilson was still rejecting the principles—the principle of public responsibility for the public welfare and the principle of centralized responsibility for the administrative welfare of the government of Washington—which he afterwards in a great degree, and with a correspondingly great success, brought himself to swallow.

Now he has rejected those principles again. Now

he has relapsed into letting business go its own gait and into letting every department in Washington tread its own path to perdition or paradise. Now he has reverted to "The New Freedom" for industry and to "coordination"—voluntary "coordination"—for his lieutenants. And so now he is about to make the first twelve months of peace as big a failure as the first twelve months of war.

He is the generally recognized leader of American liberalism. Every American liberal must wish him a complete success in his mission of international organization abroad. And every American liberal must also wish that he could meet him at the dock on his return and tell him that the only sort of nation which will ultimately adhere to the League of Nations is the nation genuinely liberal and that the only sort of liberalism which the United States will accept in 1920 is the liberalism which brings forth its proper fruits of a better life for the young discharged soldier and for the useful investor and for the workless worker and for the self-respecting employee—a liberalism genuinely administratively applied.

WILLIAM HARD.

The Nationalist Party in South Africa

WHEN the history of the part played by the British colonies in the war comes to be written, no more striking contrast will be presented than that between the achievements of South African troops in various theatres of war and the anti-British agitation of the Nationalist party. At the very beginning of the war, German South West Africa was conquered by the Union forces under the leadership of General Botha in a campaign which, though crowded out of sight at the time by the greater events in Europe, will come to count as one of the most brilliant in the whole war. Traversing 140 miles of waterless desert in a week, manoeuvring the Germans by sheer mobility out of one strong position after another, Botha occupied Windhuk and later compelled the surrender of the enemy at a total loss to his own army in killed and wounded of barely a couple of hundred men. The conquest of German East Africa under General Smuts, with a composite force of South African, British and Indian troops, required, against far abler opposition and far greater obstacles of country and climate, a much longer time and entailed much greater losses, but was equally decisive in the end. The South African Expeditionary Force for service overseas, after seeing some fighting in Egypt, earned undying fame in Delville Wood, during the battle of the Somme.

Since then the contingent has honorably distinguished itself in many fights on the western front, though it has been too small in numbers to figure often by name in newspaper despatches. In addition, many individual South Africans, both English and Dutch, have joined the British army itself, and fought wherever British troops have fought, in Flanders, in Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia.

Meanwhile, in South Africa itself, the Nationalist party, under the leadership of General Hertzog, a former member of Botha's cabinet, has been rallying and exasperating Dutch National feeling against the British Empire. After the abortive rebellion which broke out in certain districts of the Transvaal and Orange Free State in the autumn of 1914, and which was promptly put down by the government, the Nationalists organized an intensive propaganda, especially in the Dutch country-districts, which has resulted in consolidating what is probably a majority of the Dutch population in the ranks of their party, and which led early in the present year to such a state of unrest, bitterness and tension between the Nationalists on the one side, and the loyal Dutch and British supporters of Botha on the other, that civil war became a possibility to be reckoned with. Parliament passed resolutions condemning the propaganda as treasonable and rebellious. Botha himself appealed in

the gravest terms to both sides not to plunge South Africa into the throes of internal strife, and was finally driven to address public warnings against seditious agitation and violence. Feeling reached such a pitch that Hertzog was personally assaulted on the steps of the Houses of Parliament at Cape Town. When it was almost too late, he and his fellow-Nationalists perceived the wisdom of moderation and toured the country pleading for avoidance of provocation and the use of constitutional methods. As was almost inevitable in view of the opposition of the Nationalist leaders to the Empire and the war, they were freely charged by popular rumor with being financed by German money, but it is only due to them to say that positive evidence for this has never been produced.

As is usual when men's feelings are severely tried and bitter passions are roused, principles about which there may be legitimate dispute get swamped by a flood of angry personal recriminations. Men cease to argue and only seek to air grievances and wound their adversaries' feelings. The course of recent politics in South Africa forms no exception to this rule. The Nationalists' openly expressed desire for separation from the Empire gave bitter offense to the British section, the sons of which were shedding their blood for the Empire's defense. At Nationalist meetings the "vierkleur," the flag of the former Dutch Republics, took the place of the "Union Jack," and the Volkslied was sung instead of the National Anthem. Hertzog deprecated these provocative practices, but was apparently unable to prevent them, even at his own meetings. When the National Anthem was sung in Parliament during the darkest days of the German offensive last spring, he and his party remained ostentatiously seated, though in a speech afterwards he explained that he had the greatest respect for the Anthem and had refused to honor it only because the singing had been intended as an insult and a challenge to himself and his followers. Naturally, such things called forth hard words about treason and disloyalty, and Hertzog's present attitude was contrasted with his effusive loyalty in the days when he acknowledged the restoration of self-government by Campbell-Bannerman's ministry in the words: "I bow in reverence to the wisdom of the British statesmen. . . . I use no idle words when I say that their deeds have forever bound the hearts of the people of the Orange Free State and of the whole of South Africa to the British Empire." He was reminded that loyalty to the British Empire was the basis on which the four colonies had agreed to form the Union of South Africa, and that no such Union would ever have taken place if it had been understood that separa-

tion from the Empire was to be the ultimate policy of the Union. The Nationalists, on their part, replied that peaceful propaganda for independence was their constitutional right as members of a democratic state, especially at a time when the rights of small nationalities formed one of the stakes of the war. But mainly they exploited the alleged grievances of "the people," by which term they meant their own Dutch followers. These grievances sprang almost all from the resentment felt by many of the Dutch at having been drawn into the war against their will, which enabled the Nationalists to represent the government's policy in support of the war as contrary to "the feelings of the people."

Complaints about recruiting by economic pressure, about taxes and contributions for war purposes, about the internment of enemy aliens, about the refusal of complete amnesty to the rebels of 1914, were mixed with the reviving of bitter memories of the Anglo-Boer war, which was once again interpreted as inspired by "foreign adventurers" for the sake of the Transvaal gold. Typical of the attitude of Nationalist farmers was the wool incident last year. The South African government had arranged with the British government for the purchase of the whole South African output of wool at a price very profitable to the producers. But a grievance was manufactured out of the refusal to allow the farmers to offer their wool to the highest bidder in neutral markets, regardless of the fact that such neutral markets were practically non-existent and that, with the shortage of shipping, the wool could not have been transported to them except with the consent of the British government. Thus, in the midst of the prosperity which the war has brought to the South African farmer, he was sedulously incited to believe that once more his government had betrayed the "interests of the people" to the British. It was one of the least reputable incidents in the game of party politics.

But these things, after all, are the froth and bubble of the struggle between the Nationalists and the Botha government. It behooves us to see what are the deeper-lying causes of their antagonism. Had it not been for the outbreak of the European war, there is little doubt that the two white races in South Africa would slowly but surely have settled down to that friendly cooperation, based on mutual respect, to the achievement of which Botha's policy has been unswervingly devoted. But the time had been too short for the majority of the Dutch to identify themselves whole-heartedly with an empire, membership in which they had been so recently compelled to accept by force of arms. The independence which a peo-

ple has fought for to the verge of national extinction does not easily or quickly cease to be cherished. To an Englishman it may well seem that no one can wish anything better than the good fortune of British citizenship, but it is humanly intelligible that the South African Dutch should not yet feel any such attachment. To find themselves involved in the vortex of a European war on Great Britain's behalf, without having been consulted and without understanding how their own interests were involved, or why they could not honorably keep aloof, put, it is easy to understand, a severe strain upon their feelings.

If we add that they had the example of Ireland before their eyes, and that the principle of the rights of small nations seemed capable of a retrospective application to themselves, we have what is best and most plausible in the Nationalists' point of view. Now, though the Nationalists talk of putting their case before the peace conference, they can hardly seriously expect that this conference will order a dissolution of the British Empire. What they appear to aim at would seem to be rather to secure for South Africa as a whole and as a unit, not merely for the former Dutch Republics, recognition at the peace conference as a "small nation," in order to use this recognition as a lever in the internal reorganization of the British "Commonwealth of Nations" which is bound to result from the present war. Hertzog, who has devoted many of his speeches to the constitutional aspect of the situation, draws in one of them a sharp distinction between "republicanism" and "anti-imperialism." By the former he seems to mean little more than the substitution of a president elected by the people for an hereditary king governing South Africa through a governor-general as his representative. By "anti-imperialism" he means escape from subjection to the British Parliament. *There lies the rub.* What is serious and vital in the "republican" movement of the Nationalists is not the republicanism, but the anti-imperialism. Allegiance to a British king would be a small matter, if the fate and policy of South Africa did not in vital respects depend on decisions taken in the British Parliament—decisions by which the Union is bound, but in the making of which, for all its "self-government," it has had no share. *There lies the sting of Hertzog's taunt* that for "self" in self-government one might as well say "British" at once. On this point he is simply drawing, with a venom explained by recent South African history, the moral from the lesson which the Union learnt upon the outbreak of the war. It then found itself committed to a war resulting from a foreign policy in the control of which it had had no share. And

more than that, it found itself committed by its government to an expedition against German South West Africa, and Parliament, when convened, could do nothing but consent to the *fait accompli*. It was a lesson in the implications of British citizenship which the Nationalist Dutchmen did not like. It opened their eyes to the constitutional limitations of colonial self-government. "Dragged," says Hertzog, "against every will of ours into every war waged by Great Britain, it is not our will which dares decide whether our blood shall be shed, whether our money shall be squandered, but the will of the British government." And more bitterly: "The freedom which comes to us under that so-called free constitution does not in the least differ in essence from that of the slave who has been liberated for the moment under the provision that he may, as soon as his master may desire, again be put into chains."

Now the constitutional point here involved is perfectly sound, though one may admit that it might not have been raised on this occasion, nor in such violent language, but for the profound aversion of many of the Dutch to a war against Germany on England's behalf. There is no denying that the automatic implication of the colonies in the war has shown up the most serious flaw in the system of the British Empire—a flaw the seriousness of which is coming to be felt with increasing force in proportion as the colonies grow into strong, self-reliant communities with a sense of their own distinctive national being, and a consequent desire to have a voice in determining policies which may put them to the choice between peace and war. It seems inevitable that the present system of tutelage for the colonies in foreign policy must give way either to a closer partnership of equals, or else to a looser association of nations each gaining its own complete self-determination. The same constitutional problem has been urged by thinkers of unquestioned loyalty in Canada and Australia. But of the two possible solutions, all shades of Dutch opinion in South Africa appear agreed on rejecting the closer concentration and preferring the looser association. The republicanism of the Nationalists, when it shall have come to a clearer consciousness of what is practicable, will be found to be but the extremest and most violent form of this choice. It means the rejection of every scheme of imperial reform which involves the setting up of some central authority to which all dominion parliaments shall be subject, even though the parliament of Great Britain be made subject too on an equal footing with the rest. To the Dutch this would seem the proverbial leap from the frying-pan into the fire. The most ingenious and workable solution along the lines of

a looser association, which has so far been mooted in Dutch circles, calls for complete autonomy for every dominion parliament, in the sense of abolition of all control or veto by the British Parliament, subject, in case of a deadlock, to appeal to an international court of arbitration. Under this scheme a purely formal membership in the British Empire, with allegiance to the king, would be retained. The plan clearly proposes a loose sort of federation, towards the establishment of which the recognition of the dominions as each a "small nation" in its own right, is sought as the first step.

It may be asked why the advocates of this scheme should be willing to submit to an international court, but not to, say, an imperial council on which representatives of South Africa would have equal seat and vote with the representatives of the other members of the Empire. It is possible only to hazard a guess at the answer. Some, no doubt, foresee that a closer union of the British dominions will but accelerate the disintegration and loss of Dutch ways and language, of Dutch cultural traditions. But the profoundest reason, not often openly confessed, lies probably in the fear of the Dutch that the pressure of public opinion in the Empire will force upon them a more liberal policy towards the negroes. The typical Dutchman, though not normally unkind in the treatment of natives, yet views them as nothing but "schepsels" (creatures), little better than animals, useful for their manual labor in field and mine, but not to be educated, not to be enfranchised, on no account to be admitted to an equality with the white man. Aristotle's famous phrase "slaves by nature" hits off his point of view. The traditional British policy, which prevailed before the days of the Union in the Cape Colony and which aims at educating the native for citizenship, and admitting him progressively to the exercise of political rights, fills the Boer with deep distrust and aversion. Just before the outbreak of the war an act was passed—ostensibly for the purpose of preparing for the segregation of the white and black races by preventing the further acquisition of land by either race—the effect of which was to turn the numerous native squatters on Boer farms at one stroke into serfs bound to the soil. Meanwhile, nothing has been done towards effecting segregation or delimiting adequate native territories, and a sense of injustice and suspicion has been created in the native mind throughout South Africa which only the war has prevented from attracting the attention it deserves. A small nation which is liable to exploit its autonomy in favor of racial dominion of white over black, needs watching lest its policy be sinister for the future of the white man in Africa. R. F. ALFRED HOERNLÉ.

Sibelius

OTHERS have brought the north into houses, and there transmuted it to music. And their art is dependent on the shelter, and, removed from it, dwindles. But Sibelius has written music innocent of roof and enclosure, music proper indeed to the vasty open, the Finnish heaven under which it grew. And could we but carry it out into the northern day, we should find it undiminished, vivid with all its life. For it is blood-brother to the wind and the silence, to the lowering cliffs and the spray, to the harsh crying of sea-birds and the breath of the fog, and, set amid them, would wax, and take new strength from the strengths its kin.

Air blows through the music of Sibelius, quickens even the slightest of his compositions. There are certain of his songs, certain of his orchestral sketches, that would be virtueless enough were it not for the windy freshness that pervades them. Out of all his works, even out of the most commonplace, there proceeds a far and resonant space. Songs like *To the Evening*, *Call*, *Autumn Sundown*, whatever their ultimate musical value, seem actually informed by the northern evening, seem to include within their very substance the watery tints of the sky, the naive fragrance of forests and meadows, the tintinnabulation drifting through the still air of sunset. It is as if Sibelius were so sensible to the quality of his native earth that he knows precisely in what black and massive chord of the piano, say, lies the silence of rocks and clouds, precisely what manner of resistance between chant and piano can make human song ring as in the open. But it is in his orchestral works, for he is determined an orchestral writer, that he has fixed it most successfully. There has been no composer, not Brahms in his German forest, nor Rameau amid the poplars of his silver France, not Borodin on his steppes, nor Moussorgsky in his snow-covered fields under threatening skies, whose music gives back the colors and forms and odors of his native land more persistently. The orchestral compositions of Sibelius seem to have passed over black torrents and desolate moorlands, through pallid sunlight and grim primeval forests, and become drenched with them. The instrumentation is all wet grays and blacks, relieved only by bits of brightness wan and elusive as the northern summer, frostily green as the polar lights. The works are full of the gnawing of bassoons and the bleakness of the English horn, full of shattering trombones and screaming violins, full of the sinister rolling of drums, the menacing reverberation of cymbals, the icy glittering of harps. The musical ideas of those of the compositions that are finely realized recall the ruggedness and hardness

and starkness of things that persist in the Finnish winter. The rhythms seem to approach the wild unnumbered rhythms of the forest and the wind and the flickering sunlight. Music has forever been a movement "up to nature," and Schoenberg's motto is but the precision of a motive that has governed all composers. But Sibelius has written music that seems to come as the very answer to the call, and to be the north indeed.

Such a discovery of nature was necessarily a part of his self-revelation. For Sibelius is essentially the Norseman. For all his personal accomplishment, his cultural position, he is still the Finnish peasant, preserving intact within himself the racial inheritance. Other musicians, having found life still a grim brief welter of bloody combats and the straining of high unyielding hearts and the falling of sure unalienable doom, have fancied themselves the successors of the Scalds, and dreamt themselves within the gray primeval north. But, in the presence of Sibelius, they seem only too evidently men of a gentler, later generation. Beside his, their music appears swathed in romantic glamour. For there are times when he comes into the concert-room like some man of a former age, like some spare knotted barbarian from the world of the sagas. There are times when he comes amongst us like one who might quite conceivably have been comrade to pelted warriors who fought with clubs and hammers, like one who might have beaten out a rude music by black-smoking hearth-sides quite as readily as made tone-poems for the modern concert-room. And his music, with its viking-blows and wild crying accents, its harsh and uncouth speech, sets us without circumstance in that sunken world, sets us in the very midst of the stark men and grave savage women for whom the sagas were made, so that we can see them in all their hurtling strength and rank barbarity, can well-nigh touch them with the fingers of our hands. And it is for the reason that Sibelius is so fundamentally a man as combat with the north has made him that vision of his native earth alone could bring him rich self-consciousness. For his individuality is but the shape of soul given his race by its century-long adjustment. It is the north that has given him his profound experience. Its rhythms have distinguished him. Its color, and the color of his spirit, are twin. And so he turns towards it as to a mirror. Like that of the hero of his tone-poem, his life is a long journey toward Finland. Contact with Finnish earth gives him back into his own hands. It is the north, the wind and the moorland and the sea, that gathers the fragments of his broken soul, and makes him whole again.

It was with the sanction of a people that Sibelius came to his task. For centuries before his birth

the race that bore him had lain prone upon its inclement coasts. But now a new vigor was germinating within it. Youth had overtaken it once more, and filled it with the desire of independence. Chained to the Russian Empire, it was reaching out towards all that could give it the strength to persist and endure, towards all that could give it knowledge of its proper soul. And so Sibelius, in the search for the expression of his own personality, so much at one with that of his fellows, was travelling in the common way. The word that he was seeking, the word that should bring fulfilment to his proper soul, was deeply needed by his fellows. Inarticulate thousands, unaware though they were of his existence, awaited his work, wanted the sustenance it could give. And, certainly, the sense of the needfulness of his work, the sense of the large value set upon his best and purest attainments by life itself, must have been with Sibelius always, must have supplied him with a powerful incentive and made enormously for his achievements. He must have felt all the surge of the race driving him. He must have had continually the marvellous stimulus of feeling about him, for all the night and the cold, the forms of comrades straining towards a single lofty goal, felt himself one of an army of marching men. This folk, far in its past, had imagined the figure of a hero-poet, Vainemunden, and placed in his hands an instrument "shaped out of very sorrow," and attributed magical power to his song. And Sibelius, bowed over his music-paper, must have felt the dream stir within him, must have felt incarnate within himself, however incompletely, that mysterious image, and so proceeded with his work everlastingly assured that all he actually accomplished woke from out of the heart of a people, and responded to its immemorial need.

Out of such an impulse his art has come. No doubt, some of it is not the response entirely worthy of so high a stimulus. Few modern composers of eminence are as singularly uneven as Sibelius. Moods like that which mothered the amiable elegance of the *Valse Triste* and that which produced the hard and naked essentiality of the *Fourth Symphony* are almost foreign to one another. The creative power itself is extraordinarily fitful in him. It is as if, for all his physical robustness, he has not quite the spiritual indefatigability of the major artist. He has not that inventive heat that permits the composer of indisputably the first rank to realize himself unflaggingly in all his independence and intensity. Too often Sibelius's own personality is cluttered and muffled by those of other men. No doubt, every creative artist passes through a period of submission to alien faiths. But in Sibelius, there

appear to exist two distinct personalities, the one strong and independent, the other timid and uninventive, who dominate him alternately. Even some of the music contemporaneous with the magnificent Fourth Symphony is curiously ineffectual and pointless. True, the color, the air and tone of the north are never entirely absent from his work. His songs invariably recapture, sometimes almost miraculously, the dark and mourning accents of the Scandinavian folksong. For all the modernity of medium they are simple and sober. Moreover, in those of his compositions that approach banality most closely, there is a certain saving hardness and virility and honesty. Unlike his neighbor, Grieg, he is never mincing and meretricious. We never find him languishing in a pretty boudoir. He is always out under the sky. It is only that he is not always free and resourceful and deeply self-critical. Even through the bold and rugged and splendid Violin Concerto there flit at moments the shadows of Beethoven and Wagner and Tchaikowsky. The first theme of the quartet *Voces Intimae* resembles not a little a certain theme in Boris. The close of *Nightride* and *Sunrise* is watered Brahms and watered Strauss. And there are phrases in his tone-poem that commence with all his proper rhythmic ardor and then suddenly degenerate. There are moments when his harmonic sense, generally keen and true, abandons him completely. And even works like the *Finlandia* and *Karelia* overtures, for all their generosity of intention, for all their suggestion of peasant voices lifted in song, disappoint because of the substitution of a popular lyricism, a certain easy sweetness, for the high poetry one might have expected.

And yet, one has but to turn to the symphonies of Sibelius to encounter music of another intensity, and gauge the richness of response that, at times, it is given him to make. It is as if the very dignity and grandeur of the medium itself sets him free. Just as the form of the concerto seems to have given his sense of the violin a play apparently denied it by the smaller mediums, so these larger orchestral forms seem to have liberated his imagination, his orchestral genius, and made him poet of his folk indeed. His personal quality, spread more thinly in his songs and tone-poems, is essentialized and developed in these other works. The symphonies themselves are in a sense the stages of the essentialization. In the first of them his language emerges, to a degree imparting its unmistakable coloration to a matter perhaps not entirely distinguished. There is a looseness and lushness, a romanticism and balladry, in the work, that is not quite characteristic. Still, the honesty, the grimness and savagery and lack of sensuality, are Sibelius's own. The adagio is steeped in his

proper pathos, the pathos of brief bland summers, of light that falls for a moment gentle and mellow, and then dies away. The crying finale is full of the tragedy of northern nature. And in the second symphony the independence is complete. The orchestra is handled individually, sparingly, and with perfect point. Often the instruments sound singly, or by twos and threes. What had been but half realized in the earlier work is distinct and important in this. It is as if Sibelius had come upon himself, and so been able to rid his work of all superfluity and indecision. And, curiously, through speaking his own language in all its homeliness and peasant flavor, he seems to have moved more closely to his land. The work, his "pastoral" symphony, for all its absolute and formal character, reflects a landscape. It is full of home sounds, of cattle and "saeters," of timbered houses and sparse nature. And through it there glances a pale evanescent sunlight, and through it there sounds the burden of a lowly tragedy.

But it is only with his Fourth Symphony, dubbed "futuristic" because of the unusual boldness and pithiness of its style, the absence of a general tonality, the independence of the orchestral voices, that Sibelius's gift attains absolute expression. There are certain works that are touchstones, and make apparent what is original and virtuous in all the rest of the labors of their creator, and give his personality a unique and irrefragible position. The Fourth Symphony of Sibelius is such a composition. It is a very synthesis of all his work, the reduction to its simplest and most positive terms of a thing that has been in him since first he began to write, and that received heretofore only fragmentary and indecisive expression. In its very form it is essence. The structure is all bone. The style is sharpened to a biting terseness. The coloring is the refinement of all his color; the rhythms have a freedom toward which Sibelius's rhythms have always aspired; the mournful melody of the adagio is well-nigh archetypical. All his life Sibelius had been searching for the tone of the music, desiring to speak with its authority, and concentrate the soul and tragedy of a people into a single and eternal moment. All his life he had been seeking the prophetic gestures of which this work is full. For the symphony is like a summary and a conclusion, it carries us into some high place before which the life of man is spread out and made apparent. The four movements are the four planes that solidify a single concept. The first sets us in a grim forest solitude, out in some great unlimited loneliness, beneath a sombre sky. There is movement, a climax, a single cry of passion and despair, and then, only the souging of wind through hoary branches. The scherzo is the flickering of mad

watery lights, a fantastic whipping dance, a sudden sinister conclusion. In the adagio, a bleak lament struggles upwards, seems to push through some vast inert mass, to pierce to a momentary height and largeness, and then sinks, broken. And through the finale, there quivers an illusory light. The movement is the march, the oncoming rush of vast formless hordes, the passage of unnamed millions that surge for an instant with their cries and banners, and vanish into nothingness. It is possible that Sibelius will create another work similarly naked and intense. More definitive it cannot be. For in this it was given him to make his monument and sign, to find the language of a people, and with the divine knowledge of the seer to cry to all the world "This is our life!"

PAUL ROSENFELD.

The Blue Pencil

IN a glass cage on the second floor sits the director of the organization, a man of forty with a nervous, handsome face above an overfed and lumbering body. He was born to be a pleasant fellow, but exigencies known to all men paid to drive have compelled in him a custom of snarling into the telephone and thundering at an intermittent succession of culprits in well ordered Anglo-Saxon, no words wasted. "If ever I run a newspaper," the head of the copy-desk murmurs wincing, "I'll fire every man who raises his voice above a conversational tone." But the assistant managing editor did not stamp and howl himself into authority. He is acute and politic, as you discover when first you hear him call up Henry N. De Smith to ask for a decision. Such action is very seldom necessary. The assistant managing editor knows the owner's prejudices and failings by long association. He is versed in a most essential knowledge of what may be printed in the paper, and what it would be dangerous for the public to know. Under his care comes the immense problem of general policy, the direction of opinion in the city in the paths most favorable to his master's fame and fortune. Nothing displeasing to friend or advertiser must by any chance appear. It means nothing to him that, given such conditions, advertising becomes a kind of legitimate blackmail, for his mind is not attuned to delicate moral vibrations. But if you are in doubt about anything take the question to him. He is a good executive. He will decide and outline a plan of action for you before you have fairly got the words out of your mouth. He exults in his combination of keen mind and heavy hand, and the impression he gives with his alert face and ponderous body may be likened to that which might be pro-

duced by an exceedingly sharp, heavy-handed spear.

The city editor is a nondescript ageing man who wields the blue pencil with astonishing rapidity and accuracy in a little glass den of his own. He is disillusioned about life and reporters and what is left of the king's English, but he has a very definite classification of illusions which must be maintained among the general public. Discontent must be discouraged, and exultant confidence flaunt in every line. Whatever the city may have planned is being done well and easily. Its crusades and benefit funds are scheduled beforehand to "go over the top with a rush." Accidents there are, to be sure, but one may always put the best face on them. "Steps are being taken to prevent the recurrence of the deplorable affair." Crime may exist, even for the public, but not often successful crime. "It is said that the thief got away with nothing of value except a silver teaspoon." "The girl fought off her assailant, and was able to give a very clear description of him to the police." "The suicide was undoubtedly due to an unbalanced mind following illness."

The city editor knows he can revamp a story in less time than it would take him to explain what was wrong with it. He can cut any paragraph or sentence in half without wasting an idea. Perhaps it is no longer a game to him; the harness easily assumed galls in time, and he may have paced too long the cloudy, monotonous parapets toward which he climbed eagerly in his youth. Bleak days of blue pencilling stretch on either hand; he can do it well; he can do nothing else. It is a closed life, useless to himself, dedicated in a meaningless fashion to the purposes of H. N. De Smith.

Under his mild direction the gentle-voiced reporters come and go in rubber-heeled shoes, hurried, business-like, youthful. Typewriters suddenly storm and cease under their hands. They sit at telephones receiving messages and bulletins, meticulous and merciless in matters of fact. The office may rapidly clear of them all, departed upon mysterious errands; as unexpectedly they may all drift in again to lounge suavely in corners. They are the trained blood-hounds of the unusual; grief and ruin are their prey. True, they do not all like the game. Left to their own devices they would not choose to interview children whose parents have been killed in accidents, to seek out the bodies of suicides sitting bolt upright in chairs or lying where they fell, to visit the morgue. What they do must be done to satisfy the demands of H. N. De Smith, whom the gods or fates or his fellow men have given power over many destinies.

The copy-desk is semi-circular. In the midst sits the dealer, a kindly, open-faced man of fifty, hand-

ing out typed sheets to the ring of men that face him. His hands move swiftly and subtly among the papers constantly accumulating on his desk, cutting, pasting, making memoranda. He is known to his employer as the man who never lost a piece of copy; though, truth to tell, he has lost calmly in his time a good deal of telegraphic flimsy which would be displeasing to the capitalist. When things go ill he grumbles imprecations in an undertone, half-heartedly or bitterly, according to the provocation. When things go well he sits back and chats with the man who happens to be idle, concerning the pronunciation of Chinook, the history of San Francisco, or the Yukon gold-rush. Let another man take his place for a day and the desk becomes a chaos of flimsy and disheveled manuscript. Nor is he less valuable to H. N. De Smith because his pronunciation of French proper nouns is of the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe.

The men on the desk under him are older than the reporters, men of parts usually, broken by dissipation or discriminating fate, by forces working from without or within. This is the haven of the old-timers; it is expected that they will get drunk occasionally. But at work they are quick and silent, catching errors, writing headlines, assembling fragments, with that security of touch that proclaims a mastery of regime. They think unkindly of Hank De Smith; they speak derisively of his park, his policies, and the amount he is supposed to drink up in a day. But they obey him. Pasted before each man is a typed schedule of prejudice, known technically as the son-of-a-bitch list, and consisting of the names of men who must be given no free publicity. Here all prominent radicals and the business men who have refused to advertise in the paper are lumped in an eternal obloquy of silence.

REFER TO DEALER

Any copy containing name of:

_____, _____, _____, _____

NAMES NOT TO APPEAR IN HEADLINES:

_____, _____, _____, _____

USE TITLE OF "MR."

only in connection with H. N. De Smith.

What smouldering envies or balked ambitions may lie behind this absurd catalogue they do not know. But when this same De Smith buys a block of charity stock as a matter of course they run headlines across the second title page to inform the city of it.

"Praise Hank from whom all blessings flow," the tall and heavy Texan sneers gravely.

"Well, look them over," says a little man, the

parchment of his face drawn back over hatchet bones, "look over the publishers in this town and take your choice; who's better?"

"It's enough," says the Texan with acid irrelevancy, "to make an angleworm bite a rooster."

But of all the employees the fate of the theatrical critic is most melancholy, most melancholy and yet perhaps most usual. Subdued, sad-eyed, ashamed, he brings to the desk every evening a little quota of sugar-plum notices to earn his salary. An able man with a knowledge of the stage and of music, he may write only puffs of all theatres that advertise, and must conform the length of his appreciation to the amount of paid space. Once in a hundred days he may tell the truth, but his life is mainly devoted to indiscriminate and banal praise of scenes and sounds that arouse in him few emotions save disgust.

Thus four censorships, commercial, political, philosophic and personal, H. N. De Smith maintains for the public good and his own—and another, more pervasive, more deleterious to the paper as an organ of enlightenment. It is a general ban on ideas, and is stressed especially on the editorial page. To see clearly and think sharply cannot be abided, for it leads, as rivers to the ocean, to criticism of institutions, of capital—of the capital, even, which accumulates for the parasites of newspapers. Therefore the editorials which fill the back page are sawdust and water, without nourishment for heart or brain. The man who writes them is paid to be innocuous, dull, to say nothing daily in two thousand words, and to quench the reader's thought in a flood of mediocrity. Perhaps he had an original genius for it, for he does it well.

"Who is the little sky-lark this time?" murmurs the copy-dealer, and a lilting whistle is silenced abruptly. A copy-boy has come back from the composing room, bringing proofs. In the composing room there are fifty men, in the press-room twenty-five, in the mailing room ten—cogs in a mechanism which recompenses them according as they are hard and cold, revolving infallibly, groove to groove, in the manner of tooled steel, for the better accomplishment of what must seem to them curious and unexplained purposes. Chained likewise to the galley benches are ten proof-readers, and twenty clerks in the business office. In the art room is a little group of artists, photographers, designers, whose task it is, among other things, to cut out from staff photographs the likenesses of friends of prominent men who visit the city, to be replaced by life-like poses of H. N. De Smith, who thus surreptitiously dogs the footsteps of the great. And in the engraving room, amid chemical odors and blinding lights, a half-dozen artisans spend their trained workmanship in the eradication of

traces that might betray these deceptions. ("The accompanying photograph was taken yesterday at the War Exposition by the ——— staff artist. W. G. McAdoo, at the left, is shown talking to H. N. De Smith." Thus the caption.) What more right has H. N. De Smith to dictate as to the pictures and policies which shall be spread broadcast than has the least of these who spends his life to make possible their dissemination? How many of these men agree with H. N. De Smith as to what it is best to promulgate? How many respect him?

The questions are pertinent, for it is all done for the honor and glory and fortune of H. N. De Smith. The workers are paid some part of a living wage out of what they earn, but for H. N. De Smith, who does no labor, a surplus is piled in golden pyramids toward the sky.

Now H. N. De Smith is a large man, bulbous within a vast circumference of serge. As is his body so is his face, and as is his face so is his mind. In his pompous and distant youth he was an honor student in Greek and Latin; he has an affection for fine phrases; he walks before you oratorically, waving his cigar, rounding fatuous periods. To argue with him is like building a dyke of dough; you think you have it up—it will stay—no, the whole yielding mass is flooding back over you again. It is said that he is drunk every day, but no man knows when he is drunk and when he is sober. He tells you the same story twice in one interview, making his point with great care; he forgets the subject of the interview, and flounders back like a reminiscence porpoise to a thesis of his undergraduate days, denying Genesis. ("But when I investigated the facts, . . . facts of geology, . . . facts of race, . . . facts of psychology, . . . I found to my amazement that the negative was the only conceivable conclusion, . . . and I rendered . . . that . . . verdict.") Yet he is not without a heavy helpless effectiveness, and a barometric business acumen that records the gold-pressure in his neighborhood with uncanny insight. It is still his mind, or what is left of it, his policies, if they can be named so, that govern the paper. He will tell you his creed until you know it by rote, or until you learn to avoid the fatal catch-words that are like fire in his ears. Mention Socialism, the I. W. W., the Non-partisan League, or the English Labor party, and you stir a sleeping sentinel within the vast, blood-flooded, feeble nerve-centre that functions to direct him—amœba-like, reflex. Make one misstep and you are lost; waving his cigar he intones that he believes in the Constitution and the federal laws, and the interpretations of them by the Supreme Court, that furthermore he believes in the constitutions of the states and their

laws, and will have his paper live up to all these things. Sternly he tells you that "there is Bolshevism in this country, there is anarchy. I have never countenanced it. I will not keep a man in my employ for whom the laws of our courts and of our ancestors are not good enough. I am a member of the English church, and a believer in law and order. Let us have evolution—not—for God's sake—revolution!"

Like master like man. The subordinates of H. N. De Smith have become, through long dependence, as like him as may be. They build his paper in his own image, and as a business venture it is dishearteningly successful. But who has given this power to mould a people's will into those flabby hands? Are there better brains for the service, and will they be given a chance to serve? Meanwhile it is H. N. De Smith's paper which you find in the best homes, and which is read on the train by the best people. You discover your friends reading it, and, being attacked, defending it. For with all its faults, they will say uncomfortably, it is the best there is.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

One German Soldier

The following is an extract from a letter written by an American officer whose official duty it was to examine German prisoners.

THESE last six days I have put in talking to the enemy, questioning him. I had Walter and Ralph with me. They thought it striking, their first shot at seeing the German himself. Like all the rest of it over here, it's already something stale for me. Or would be if I regarded it solely from the standpoint of experience.

In the great wire cages ———, a long way south, we mixed with the "catch." Picture a muddy hillside, some acres contained in barbed wire patrolled by a few Yanks with long bayonets, and with cattle-like inhabitants, dun gray shapeless animals, standing around or lying around most of the time, muddy lumps in the muddy prospect. They look so much alike and so drab. If the sun comes out the more energetic peel off some of their wrappings and wash a bit or rub themselves. They all cling closely to their poor possessions, a blanket, a mess kit, an extra cap or coat. You can have no idea what *kannonnenfutter* means until you've seen a mass of several thousand German privates. The German army system takes all—yokels and fine boys—fathers and free journeymen—and mashes them into mass formation, abolishes their souls.

Suppose you question these miserable men, with nothing left but their dirty wrappings, sleeping on

the ground in the rain. Ask them about their treatment. *Every* one will instantly respond that his treatment is fine, that he is content, that he is glad to be in that cage. *He is free* in that cage. Free from the war and the German machine!

It is hard indeed to imagine these men as they were a few hours ago, "good soldiers" trying to kill Americans. I passed a group which was waiting blindly for the return of some American officer who had told them to stand there, perhaps an hour before. They looked so wretched, without a spark of life. "Achtung!" one of them cried to the right of me; one at the left also called sharply, "Achtung!" (Attention!) The nine or ten sparkless forms hurled themselves upright, hands to trouser seams rigidly, ramrods from ears to heels. Because I stopped and looked at them, because I was an officer "Achtung" sprang warningly from lips and "Achtung" smote their weary limbs into line. I wanted to laugh or swear at the poor fools. Instead I walked hastily away.

But they're nowhere near so good soldiers as they were three months ago and far below what they were a year ago. German morale is crumbling—it's not wrecked yet, but it's going. "The war is too long, much too long." That's what the prisoner says, that's what all the German soldiers are feeling strongly.

One or two astonishing stories we have obtained. One young officer is anxious to go back into Germany to tell his people, "hochgeboren" diplomatic folk, what the Americans are like, and what they really are fighting for. But the most amazing is the story of Gefreiter F. W., with the ribbon of the 1st and 2nd class Iron Cross, a "Sozial Demokrat geboren." This stark, creased, desperate looking soldier, to all outward appearance nothing but a "good soldier," told us his story in bitten off sentences and in a postcard. In August, 1914, he had been mobilized. In four years of war he had had 16 days of leave. He spent those four years *in front of the first line trenches*, gunner of a 15-millimeter piece. His job was to lie out in a shell hole with his gun, ahead of his own infantry. He was put there because he was a Social Democrat. That was his explanation. Not even when his wife died did he get leave to go to the funeral. He was forty-two years old, a butcher once, employing men, with a good business, and a house which he owned, and he had a postcard picture of it if we wanted to see it. The business had been sold for war taxes. The baby died three months after the mother. His own mother was paralyzed, seventy-nine years old.—He must have killed hundreds of men. At Cambrai, where he was out in front of his own infantry, the British sent eighteen waves against him and none broke through.

"Did he know Americans were before him in this last fight?"

Yes, he had heard so. And, in the fog on that morning two days before, he saw the Americans, some passing to left, others walking to right, and he said then and there, "I will shoot no American." He swore he fired not a shot. When some American soldiers called out in German to him he rose up from his lone shell-hole fort and surrendered.

"But if there had been Negroes before me I'd have shot to the last shell," he added. It was this postscript that convinced me he was telling the truth.

We asked him who caused the war. "Die Weltspitzbüben," he said, "the rascals, the Prussian landlords." "Scheideman?"—"He spoke pretty well." "Haase? Ledebour?"—"Ach, they told the truth." "Liebknecht?"—"He talked too much." On one of his rare leaves in a café in Stettin a Captain of the Vaterlandspartei had said that the war must go on. W. had said to him, "You fool, if you had lain out there in that devilish Schweinerei for four years in the mud, you'd have reason to know better—you office slacker." W. said that the captain said he'd shoot the soldier, and the soldier says he answered, "You —, you reach back, and I'll slit your — throat." His echt Deutch cuss words were venomous. I questioned him closely, through Walter as interpreter, but he stuck to it. "Do many common soldiers speak like that to officers?" "Many think it, the greatest part think it, and more dare to say it now than ever did before."

Finally we looked at the postcard of his house shown by this haggard, wolfish soldier with the broken teeth, the scars, the cropped mangy-looking head, the ploughed forehead and the almost glazed, glassy eyes. We got a shock. In front of the common dwelling with its fenced-in yard stood a man, a round prosperous person, obviously in the pose of owner, almost a self-important person, with a high choker collar, a noticeable tie and large waistcoat, with jowls and a well tended mustache, with his blond hair slicked down on either side of a neat "part"—ridiculously the type of the fattened bourgeois. He was so prosperous, with his arm akimbo and his newspaper crumpled in hand.

He explained that that was he—that was Herr W. in peace.

We simply did not believe him. He explained that he'd lost forty-eight pounds in four years of war. I looked sharply at the card and the face and could make out the nose and brows the same—not a thing else.

That man, body and life, was as smashed as these French villages by the war. He had stayed

out in the trenches, outside even of the trenches, hating the Spitzbüben who put him there. Walter remarked, "He has only his anger left." I rejoined, "But he can't do anything even with his anger." For, as with all Germans, despite the hatred that could make him swear, there seemed in him no spark of revolution, no hint of organiz-

ing resistance. He had killed hundreds of men at the behest of Spitzbüben whom he railed at and who smashed him and his, but it never seemed to occur to him that he could do anything whatever about it.

HEBER BLANKENHORN,
Captain, Military Intelligence, U. S. A.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Freedom of the Seas"

SIR: Will you not favor your readers with something like a sober, reasoned discussion of "The Freedom of the Seas"? Germany has said that this was one of the things she was fighting for. By others it is pointed out that during long years of peace Great Britain has acted on and maintained the doctrine. The real issue, however, is the freedom of the seas *in time of war*. This it is that Germany is (or was) concerned about—and the reciting of England's historic great service in policing the seas in orderly circumstances does not meet the issue. Now it happens, as I am told, that Germany has stood with the United States in a certain understanding of the phrase "freedom of the seas"; and this is that in time of war private property, which is not contraband, is exempt from seizure on the high seas—property of individuals belonging to belligerent as well as neutral nations. As William L. Marcy, our Secretary of State in 1856, put it, it means "that the private property of subjects and citizens of a belligerent on the high seas shall be exempted from seizure by public-owned vessels of the other belligerent, except it be contraband." When our President, in the second of his "Fourteen Points," spoke of "absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war," he may be presumed to have had substantially the same thing in mind.

Mr. Wilson added, however, to the language just quoted the following: "except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action, for the enforcement of international covenants." The exception hangs together with his idea of a League of Nations, and appears to mean practically two things: (1) no nation going to war on its own account, i. e., without the sanction, or at least the permission, of the League, may seize non-contraband private goods (whether belonging to citizens of enemy or neutral nations); (2) the League may do something similar to this as a punitive measure against a member of it (or perhaps any nation) which takes belligerent action against its decision or advice. In other words, things that practically all the Powers engaged in the late conflict (unless it be ourselves) have been doing to the extent of their ability, they shall not hereafter have the right to do; but the League may do or authorize the like (I need not say I do not include enormities against non-combatant *lives*, such as have been perpetrated by the Germans) in the interests not so much of any particular belligerent as of justice and its own wide-reaching aims. It is in this double form that the "freedom of the seas" presents itself as an actual problem at the present moment. Apparently the League is in part to be formed not only to enforce peace (in the wide sense), but to enforce the freedom of the seas—those nations not respecting it being liable to be cut off from all supplies. Whether so great a restriction on the liberty and self-

determination, i. e., the sovereignty, of individual nations is desirable is, of course, an arguable question.

A minor difficulty (perhaps little more than one of internal consistency) is involved in such a reference as that just made to cutting off "all supplies." "Freedom of the seas" has meant historically non-molestation of private goods, which were not contraband. But one may ask whether "non-contraband" has not itself become merely an historical category at the present time. The line between contraband and non-contraband has been completely broken down by Great Britain in the recent war—nothing that could be of any use to Germany, whether for war purposes or for the sustentation of the civil population, women and children included, has been allowed to enter. Germany has gone a step further in not scrupling to destroy non-contraband (enemy or neutral) *lives* outright, in her submarine warfare. As Mr. Pitman B. Potter, of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has said (The Nation, November 16): "There are no materials or persons not part of the belligerent action of the state today; the whole state fights with all its people and materials, its industries and trade, and the distinctions written into the law of 1909 [the Declaration of London] seem unreal today." That is, everything that helps a warring nation in whatever way may be (and has been) set down as contraband. But if this is so, what is the sense any longer of protecting the "freedom of the seas," which means the exemption from capture (in war-time) of what is non-contraband?

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Alsace-Lorraine Independence

SIR: Your review in a recent number of Phillipson's thoughtful work on Alsace-Lorraine recalls impressions which I formed in Alsace on visits in 1900, 1908 and 1911. On all three occasions I talked with many persons whose judgment did not seem to be clouded, and formed the opinion that a strong feeling for independence had developed. This is well reflected in the attitude of Paul Ehrmann in Maurice Barrès' novel *Au Service de l'Allemagne*, written in 1904. While there was absolutely no loyalty to Germany, there was also apparent none of the enthusiasm for a return to France which one found in the Strassburg correspondence of the *Matin* and *Temps*. The pin-pricks on the part of the Berlin ministry, which followed the granting of the constitution in 1911, intensified the anti-German feeling. Probably the annexation to France is now so far an accomplished fact that nothing short of unfriendly pressure from England and America could bring about a plebiscite, some clever suggestions for which are contained in Brailsford's work on *The League of Nations*. Plebiscites, which were a specialty of Napoleon III, cannot

be said to have recommended themselves as fair expressions of public opinion, when one recalls the activity of French agents in Nice and Savoy on the eve of the vote of 1860. Nevertheless, one must make a plea for the right of the Alsatians to determine their own destiny. They are a unique people, tried as by fire, and for many generations victims of the ambition of their neighbors. One cannot blame them if they say "A plague on both your houses." One thing seems certain: If the two provinces which have suffered together for more than a generation under the hard heel of Prussian administration are now to be separated into departments, as before 1870, and thus lose their unity and identity, there will be heart burnings east of the Vosges. Furthermore, unless account is to be taken in tariff arrangements of the commercial threads which lead across the Rhine, France may speedily have an Alsatian problem of her own.

ROBERT H. FIFE, JR.

Middleham, Connecticut.

The Dilemma of Revolutions

SIR: Mr. Harold Williams, the English correspondent, urges suspension of judgment as to the German revolution, for these reasons among others: It shows no exultation in liberty, no indignation against the authors of the national misfortune, no disposition to attack the sanctity of private property, or to abolish capital punishment; it has published no secret documents and made no heart-felt recantation of national imperialism. Distrust it, therefore. Its heart is unchanged.

Now all these things, which the German revolution is to be distrusted for not doing, the Russian revolution has done from its youth up; and for its zeal in doing them it is damned. What shall a revolution do to be saved?

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

New York City.

Concerning Government

SIR: In a recent number of the New Republic Mr. J. C. Dana writes that my article on constitutional revision (which appeared in your issue of August 17th) "alone quite justified" his fears "that we are becoming more politically superstitious." Gratifying as it is to have so discriminating a student as Mr. Dana accept one's private reflections as a sure index to the national psychology, I must, even at the risk of seeming to thresh old straw, disclaim the interpretation he places on my remarks. He chides me for throughout "assuming that if we can re-make the constitution we shall thereby in some large degree re-make our social order." So far as I assumed anything at all, it was the familiar concept of legal institutions as the reflex of social forces which he sets forth in his letter.

Mr. Dana's remarks seem to represent the violent reaction, now so current, to the legalistic concepts which have had vogue in this country until recently—a reaction which goes to the other extreme and spurns political and legal institutions as of no real account in the social process. I fancy there is something in this reaction, too, in the remark of Mr. Laski in the same issue, that a decision nullifying a law behind which there is a "determined public opinion" can at best be "the barest postponement." Why "barest"? The writing of income taxation into our law was postponed twenty years despite as determined a public opinion as we may ordinarily hope to muster behind a

measure. How long the enfranchisement of women, or the effectual national suppression of child labor, to which Mr. Laski particularly refers, have been postponed by reason of very uninteresting, but extremely important, provisions of our constitutional law no one can estimate.

Surely one who has no certainty of achieving octogenarianism may be pardoned for taking a mild interest in institutions that obstruct and delay, even if admittedly they do not prevent, the coming of change. Mr. Dana speaks of modifications of the state as little more than "belated records" of "social processes born of mental and moral changes." Precisely so. But is it not worth while to consider how, if at all, these modifications can be made a little less "belated"? LEWIS MAYERS.

Washington, D. C.

Under the Hedjaz Flag

SIR: I find you saying: "On the other hand, Great Britain . . . should submit to the imposition of international standards of wages and hours of labor and working conditions. If such an arrangement is not made, the American government would be presented with an impossible choice between a sacrifice of American labor standards, to which the organized workers in this country would not submit, and a mercantile marine which would be either unprofitable or made profitable only by subsidies." This argument clearly implies that if shipping with good labor standards and shipping with bad labor standards exist side by side, the latter will be more profitable. If so, the proposed international standards will have to be imposed by all maritime nations, even those whose competition is not now serious. If in the absence of legislation the worse standards are those which masters and men will take to, then a mere identity of legislation in America, England, France, Norway and Germany will not easily prevent English capital from building ships in Rumanian shipyards with German labor and sailing them under the flag of the Hedjaz with Norwegian sailors for trade between America and France, with the sailors under Hedjaz law while at sea. In other words, at that rate the business of fixing wages, hours and working conditions will have to be done by the League of Nations, which shall coerce by boycott or otherwise any state (in the League or out) which neglects to come into line. Against this it may be objected not only that before you can get it you must allow time for several statesmen to think twice, but also that in such an elephantine system reforms to meet future conditions will be slow in coming, and will be revolutionary when they do come.

May it not be, after all, that those who give fair treatment will thereby get men of so much better quality that they can compete successfully? Kipling, who is not habitually a backer of trade unions against employers, has written a story about the superior ultimate financial profit of giving the men decent living conditions, and his genius has made it look as if it were probably true to life. The story I mean is Bread on the Waters. Is it rare for a factory that is fair to its men to be successful in competition, or does the success of a voyage depend less on the quality of the men than does the success of a factory?

In one respect the circumstances of the moment are favorable to the experiment of competition between better and worse conditions. In ordinary years the ships under new conditions would have to operate at first with men bred under the old conditions and therefore generally fitted to the old conditions. But now we have a great mass of labor suddenly put into the ship-handling business, labor that

has never known any but the new conditions and would in most cases go back on shore sooner that put up with the old conditions. It is claimed for this labor that the human material in it is better, either by heredity or by early education, than the average of the human material that has consented to go before the mast under the old conditions, and that this is already a compensation for the old labor's ephemeral advantage of longer experience. However stodgily conservative the British may be about improving their own conditions, their competition cannot now drive the new American marine off the sea in so short a time that the new American sailors will not have acquired experience as good as the old sailors had; and if they really were of better stuff, or if the rule that better workmen are bred under better conditions does not prove false at sea, the American ships will then be running with better sailors, in general, than ships with poorer conditions can get.

This matter of breeding sailors fitted to the new conditions applies to captains just as much as it does to the men in the front of the ship.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts.

The South and Self-Determination

SIR: The importance of the point raised by President Tyler you recognized by the space given to comment upon it. In order to call attention to what seems an even more important problem, almost the converse in form of President Tyler's, may I first paraphrase the argument? *President Tyler:*

President Wilson says "No people must be forced under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live."

The northern states in 1861 did under such conditions impose such sovereignty upon the southern states.

Therefore, by implication the same condemnation as is meted out to Germany by universal consent in attempting corresponding impositions should be applied in retrospect to the northern states.

The Editors:

"The answer is manifestly that the right of national self-determination, like other rights, depends for its validity upon the purposes which the assertion of the right is intended to serve."

The Converse Proposition:

The northern states in 1861 did impose upon the southern states against their wishes a sovereignty which their large area and homogenous common aim entitled them to reject by appeal to the right of self-determination.

The verdict of history, by common consent, approves the policy of the northern states and confirms the military verdict obtained by them.

Therefore, if the history of the Civil War gives any guidance for the solution of modern problems, it must teach some such lesson as this: That, in a problem involving the so-called right of self-determination, a solution arrived at from entirely different considerations and which appears to violate the alleged right of self-determination may nevertheless be a satisfactory solution.

The alleged principle of self-determination seems to have been prematurely adopted from sentimental patriots by political thinkers on account of its apparent simplicity as an approximate solution of a very troublesome problem. Its justification by simplicity immediately disappears with the addition of such modifications as you suggest.

CAMPBELL MACMILLAN.

Schenectady, New York.

For Manchester

SIR: It is proposed by the authorities of the Manchester Grammar School, four thousand of whose alumni have been serving with the British forces, to raise a memorial fund of twenty thousand pounds. The money so secured is to assist in the education of children of alumni who have died or been wounded in the war and to increase the accommodations for scientific teaching in the school.

I shall be glad to receive subscriptions for this purpose from any old Mancunian who may chance to read this appeal.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"His Blood-Red Banner"

SIR: In church the other day, the clergyman (whose name I withhold on the chance that his offense may have been due merely to thoughtlessness) gave out the following hymn:

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A royal crown to gain.
His blood-red banner streams afar.
Who follows in His train?"

Now, sir, I protest that this is no hymn to be sung in public gatherings in these unsettled times. The words "blood-red banner" have acquired a sinister association with the influences that are subtly undermining our national morale, and "Who follows in His train?" might almost be construed as a direct invitation to join the forces of anarchy and disorder. This may seem a small matter, but in my opinion the Church cannot be too careful not to lend even a semblance of encouragement to the gang of criminal lunatics who are trying to turn the world upside down.

Trusting that you will use your influence to prevent any repetition of this unfortunate occurrence, I am,

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICAN.

The "Official" Truth

SIR: First, there is a "premature" report of the signing of the armistice, an accident which has not yet been satisfactorily explained. There are many discrepancies in the news which have yet to be elucidated.

Then, Mr. Burleson, on the eve of peace negotiations, takes over the cables.

And it was announced in Washington that "the United States Official Press Mission to the Peace Conference," consisting of sixteen employes of the Committee on Public Information, has sailed from New York. The United States is insisting upon—in fact, it has taken a high place in the councils of the world; it seeks to inculcate ideals of extraordinary significance. But before it can convince the nations of the world of its sincerity, America must be sincere with America, honest with itself. We want the truth—the plain truth—and not the "official" truth.

It took the German people practically four years to realize their own hopeless position because they had an official press, because their opinions were government controlled.

Democracy begins at home.

ARNOLD W. ROSENTHAL.

New York City.

Feet of Clay?

Eminent Victorians, by Lytton Strachey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

IT would be a pity if this book went unread because of its absurd price. It is too extraordinarily refreshing. The fact that it examines only four Victorians and these four not the most eminent—Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold and General Gordon—has little or nothing to do with its excellence. If Mr. Strachey had written about four Reverend Mothers or four Bashi-Basouks it would make no difference. The particular bug that he puts on the slide is not the important thing. The important thing is the lens through which these towering insects are seen.

His lens, English as it is, was ground in France. Mr. Strachey is saturated in England. He knows English assumptions and he possesses English nerves. But when it comes to the art of biography he draws the line at that cold funereal pie which the English delight to serve. "Those two fat volumes, with which it is our custom to commemorate the dead—who does not know them, with their ill-digested masses of material, their slipshod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design?" Mr. Strachey not only knows this dead mutton, he refuses to have anything to do with it, he insists on precisely that design and detachment and selection which the French do comprehend. "To preserve, for instance, a becoming brevity—a brevity which excludes everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant—that, surely, is the first duty of the biographer. The second, no less surely, is to maintain his own freedom of spirit." Such are Mr. Strachey's standards and so he applies them, to the very Victorians who have been most hopelessly imbedded in the suet of official biography.

Is it mere stupidity that makes the difference between the official article and Mr. Strachey's crisp creation? No one could be so stupid, surely, as official biographers seem to be. Official biographers, on the contrary, are advocates hired to defend institutions, to take their important part in that perpetual conspiracy by which human nature is to be subjected to institutions and by which, in the interest of institutions, human nature is to be strenuously belied. Since man is a monkey, this is a plausible undertaking. When man is told by the institutional that the Great Man did X and that all good men do X, and that he alone does not do X, he immediately feels it imperative to be X-like and he becomes, or pretends to become, as X as he can. It is this, perhaps, and also the genuine need that regimentations be effected, that gives official biography its preposterous hold. Without some regimentations, of course, men would be eternally at cross-purposes and would shoot off all their electricity in thunderstorms. This Mr. Strachey quite clearly indicates. But there is a point beyond which regimentation in the interest of institutions becomes unprofitable and intolerable, and with the more highly organized person that point, the point of goose-stepping, is reached much sooner than with the person of coarse fibre or blunt institutional self-interest. Long before a Nicholas Murray Butler would break the goose-step of the Republican party machine a more highly organized person would become insane. A degree of subordination is possible to the Northcliffes and Nicholas Murray Butlers and Hindenburgs that is utterly impossible to free-born human beings. These congenital drill-sergeants do understand, however, the necessity for pouring a protective gelatine of piety and loyalty

around their respectable models—and the first fact about Eminent Victorians is the superb skill with which Mr. Strachey peels this capsule away. He is not an enfant terrible. He cares nothing for the easy pleasure of tripping the pietist. But he possesses that combination of "common sense and poetry" which he himself ascribes to the university of Cambridge, and whenever the falsification of propaganda upsets the record he resolutely and simply rips it out. He does not care whether it is propaganda in favor of the Catholic church or Christian meekness or saintliness or self-control or courage. It is human nature he is interested in, and he pierces through the most solemn misrepresentations to the core, to the divinity, of his subject.

What one gains is the clean enjoyment of powerful, direct, ultimate perceptions. Mr. Strachey is exquisite in his justice to the people who sit for him, and his line is the telling nervous line of the man who says, and has the power to say, what he sees. He discloses weaknesses not because he is prying but because he is disclosing. They are relevant weaknesses, without which the story would not fit. An institutional Catholic may be very angry at Mr. Strachey's interpretation of Cardinal Manning, which assumes that clergymen's characters, like clergymen's collars, may differ from laymen's merely in opening at the back. But the outsider who cares nothing about Manning and less about the Catholic institution is likely to accept the interpretation for the enormous and simple reason that it clicks. The photograph of Cardinal Manning at the beginning of the book fits into the finished essay completely. The essay is not a plain doorway. It is a fine system of combinations—turns to the left, to the right, and so on. And then that portrait swings open with the solid yet supple movement of a safe-door compelled to yield. Mr. Strachey may use his imagination when he suggests that Pius the Ninth winked terms at Manning on the eve of Manning's joining the Catholic church. But this is a detail. Manning's talons were already curved for the cardinalate when he became a Catholic, and his intrigues with Talbot (why do people write letters and keep diaries?) leave no doubt as to his will to power. The same will to power, penetrated with Victorian godliness, is perceptible in Dr. Arnold, Miss Nightingale and General Gordon; and the religious life of Mr. Strachey's subjects is not, strangely enough, one bit less real than the worldly ambition of which it was the engine.

Dr. Arnold's portrayal is the slightest in the book, but there is a cruel nudity about it which is singularly enjoyable. In some quaint way it manages to expose the elgin limbs of his son, Matthew Arnold, and even of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mrs. Humphry Ward is nothing if not institutional. She is the kind of person who would preserve in any situation at least a bonnet of respectability. But the thought of a whole Arnold gallery exposed in Mr. Strachey's north light excites an impious imagination. Such Victorianism is not, however, heavily handled. Possibly Mr. Strachey does not sympathize with Florence Nightingale's religious correspondence with Jowett or the eccentricity and archaism of General Gordon. But no one would suspect that this fusty material had anything but acute interest for him. And the whole counter-reformation that came out of Newman's Oxford is explained with a concise clarity which deeply flatters the reader's intelligence. Without the religious motive these Victorian souls would be inexplicable. Mr. Strachey accounts vividly and justly for its existence, and the fact that he is so receptive and sensitive in this respect is a fine clue to his qualities as an artist.

But more striking than this is his generosity. He is really radiant about the bravery of Gordon and about the poetry of Newman, and about the workmanship of Miss Nightingale as he is brilliant about the sinuosity of Gladstone and penetrating about the self-consideration of Lord Cromer. Cromer, then Sir Evelyn Baring, "had a steely colorlessness, and a steely pliability, and a steely strength." The account of Cromer's side-stepping, his "characteristically convenient unobtrusiveness," is one of the most cutting denunciations in polite literature. And, happily enough, no matter how expensive a biographer is hired to fix up Lord Cromer, it can never be unsaid. The removal of the Stracheys is important, if the Cromers are to keep their eminence. The Stracheys are not merely unbribable. They expose how other biographers are being bribed.

F. H.

The Importance of Not Being Stupid

Some Suggestions in Ethics, by Bernard Bosanquet, D.C.L., LL.D., Fellow of the British Academy. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.90.

ARE we hard enough on stupidity? That we are not, is the last, but not the least important, of the suggestions which Dr. Bosanquet contributes in this volume to the discussion of moral problems. "The greater part of the world is resenting the stupidity of war. . . . Our social administration is full of things that are stupid. . . . And the mildest of critics must say the same of our social stratification and the uninformed public opinion which results from it." Literature, too, is profoundly infected. Zola's *Nana* is stupid compared with Miss Yonge's *Daisy Chain*. Balzac is stupid compared with Meredith in his Italian novels. Ultimately the fault lies with public opinion, that educator and organ for good and evil of the general mind. "Public opinion is too tolerant of stupidity, first in opinion itself, and then in public affairs."

What, then, is stupidity? And when have we a right to be hard upon it?

Many would, probably, answer these questions by saying that in dealing with an individual we ought to distinguish between stupidity which is due to lack of brains and stupidity which is due to failure to use one's brains. You cannot, they will say, blame a man for inborn incapacity which it is not in his power to alter; you can blame him only for failure to use his capacity, for blundering from carelessness and thoughtlessness where he ought not to have blundered. Moral censure, in short, is in place only where failure is either actually wilful, or at least due to a defective attitude of will, and where there is a chance that under the stimulus of censure the man will pull himself together and do better.

Dr. Bosanquet does not explicitly deal with this point, but he would, I think, say that this distinction does not go to the root of the matter. For him stupidity is too serious a thing to be tolerated, especially in public life. A well-meaning fool may do his best, but we ought to be hard upon his folly all the same. Above all we ought to be harder upon our own collective stupidity in thought and action where it appears, with disastrous effects, in national and international affairs. Stupidity makes for incompetence and inefficiency everywhere, and if we are ruthless with it in business or industry, we ought to be even more ruthless with it where justice, welfare, peace depend upon the ap-

plication of the best of knowledge and insight. No blundering is so disastrous as that which lowers the quality of the lives and characters of men.

Such blundering is, at bottom, due to a blindness to values, a failure to care sufficiently, or to take thought sufficiently, about the fundamental things in human life. It shows itself in private conduct in the supposedly clever man of the world, who is really a stupid fool, because his response to the fundamental values is all wrong. It shows itself in literature, when normal human motive is represented as mainly mean, vulgar, and petty, and normal human aims as mainly selfish and sensual. Dr. Bosanquet has a robust faith in the essential goodness and soundness of average human nature; Balzac, he thinks, has analyzed himself out of a straightforward appreciation of human motives, until his attempts to represent a good or saintly life have become feverish and fantastic. But, above all, the stupidity which springs from a distorted appreciation of values is an ever-present source of mischief in the relations between classes and nations, where it is facilitated by the isolation which keeps men from appreciating each other's point of view.

So long as wage-earners and well-to-do live their lives in worlds apart, the growth of class consciousness can result only in class war. How to break down the stratification of society which keeps men from contact with each other because of the difference, economic in the last resort, in their modes and standards of life—that is the problem. "Uninterrupted and natural intercourse between richer and poorer people would demand as a condition much simpler living, and, for example, a different type of servants among the well-to-do." It seems that the changes required will be more radical than this. If one may judge by American experience, domestic service is destined to become extinct in the democracies of the future, and the problem of the simple life will be solved by the simple expedient of relieving the rich of their riches. Similarly, in international relations, the temper of national exclusiveness makes for antagonism. "Nations do not want a collision; they merely want to do exactly what they have set their hearts on doing." They collide because they "are not alert, not sensitive, to the minds and needs of other nations. They do not realize where others want to go and why; nor how their own direction can be modified in harmony with the others, and yet none of their really essential aims be sacrificed. They are not at all clear, perhaps, what are their own essential aims. Their social arrangements do not permit a distinct vision of them. Their leaders are blinded and biased by false interests. Still less are they responsive to the needs of others. It is all this stupidity which most emphatically public opinion ought to be hard upon." One wonders whether Dr. Bosanquet still feels as lukewarm as he did in a previous book, reviewed in these columns, towards a League of Nations. We can hardly conceive a better stimulus for all nations to cultivate that alertness to, and sympathy with, each other's interests, than the joint effort to make a success of such a League. Nietzsche, after all, was not far wrong in dating the "Verdummung" of the Germans from the war of 1870 when they adopted the gospel of being a chosen people entrusted with the mission of spreading Kultur among the lesser breeds.

The essay on The Growing Repugnance to Punishment may serve as an illustration of what Dr. Bosanquet means by stupidity in the handling of a concrete practical problem. Under the pressure of the demand for prison reform, of a humanitarian aversion from severity and the infliction

of pain, of theories assimilating criminality to disease, and shifting the responsibility from the criminal to society, penal theory and practice, so he holds, are in danger of going utterly astray. The retributive theory of punishment has gone out of fashion as merely adding evil to evil, and smacking of retaliation and vengeance. Instead modern practice goes on the theory that the function of punishment is preventive and educative: to deter others and to reform the offender. Excepting the youthful offender, still properly subject to education, Dr. Bosanquet argues that in both respects this theory, if consistently followed out, will lead to dangerous abuses in practice. We have no right to make an object lesson of a man, however guilty, for deterring others. Moreover, in the desire to deter more effectively, we shall be drawn into heaping severity on severity. Again, "the reformatory theory, in its purity, is arbitrary and cruel." Much turns here on the qualification "in its purity." It is certainly true that, if a man is not to be released from the hands of the agents of justice until some official has pronounced him "reformed," the door is open to much arbitrariness. And if reform means, as in Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, a cure to be effected by the prolonged and secret application of pain, the epithet cruel is also in place. But I am not convinced that those who insist that punishment should be such as not to degrade and demoralize the criminal still further, but prepare him to be reclaimed for a useful and decent life, can be disposed of quite so summarily. "Reformation" may not be a happy word, but it is surely all to the good that our modern social conscience acknowledges a responsibility towards social failures which is not exhausted by expressing, through punishment, disapprobation of their acts. Probably it is not this kind of reformatory theory of which Dr. Bosanquet is thinking, and his own policy is certainly compatible with it. He wants prison life to be "strict in matters of comfort and constructive in matters of occupation." But he believes that the theory which best expresses the moral feeling of modern society and is not betrayed into false experiments interprets punishment, not as a threat, nor as a medicine, but as an *annulment*. Every act, and therefore every evil act, establishes a precedent, and against this danger society can guard itself only by an explicit and formal reaction, which, as it were, stamps on the evil and reaffirms the social standards which the evil act had denied. Deterrence and reformation are incidental to this negation of the bad will by social authority.

There are seven other essays, on such varied subjects as *Living for Others*, *The Social Good*, *The Reality of Evil*, and others. Every one of them provokes thought, as a "suggestion" should. Perhaps the best of all is entitled *Unvisited Tombs*. Its point is to warn us against overvaluing genius and undervaluing the multitude of nameless men, as if their lives had nothing of value in them except so far as they spent themselves in service of the supermen. Dr. Bosanquet's plea for the value of common men in their average lives is admirable in its insight: "It might be fanciful to say that the quality of the sea, the forest, the mountain, or the arable field, passes directly into minds and bodies occupied with them. But that corresponding qualities, tinged with some of the nobility of these external features, are elicited by preoccupation with them seems to be a fact which admits of no doubt, and is, of course, perfectly natural. All dealings with externals must promote relevant qualities. It seems sentimentalism to speak of 'the veracities of nature,' for nature makes no assertions. But there is something which everybody feels who has touched constructively the material world, something to

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which and in which his heart goes out to meet it, and through which he feels it his fellow-worker and almost his comrade. This is a value—this spirit of insight, sympathy, reliance, and resignation, in face of the course of nature—which is in all humanity, and which all humanity realizes, I believe, as a unity transcending its mere self, and blending it with a wider world." He extends his principle even to animals. "The dog which runs beside one seems a middle term and an interpreter between one's worrying mind and the tranquil life of things. This quietness and simple trustfulness of an animal which is once your friend is surely the secret of its attractiveness. It is, I have fancied, as if the Absolute came to eat out of your hand." Truly a daring saying, but we get all too little in modern philosophy of the simple courage which, as here, takes an everyday experience and reads in it directly the open, but too often unseen, secret of the universe. But, then, Dr. Bosanquet, at his best, possesses in a high degree the gift of "bringing home humanity to the human being."

R. F. A. H.

Britain After the War

Britain After the War, by Brougham Villiers. New York: E. P. Dutton. \$2.50.

MR VILLIERS' book belongs to that irritating class of writings in which the generalizations attempted are so large and sweeping that the facts of which they are the summary seem entirely to be lost sight of in the effort of statement. The average reader of this book will leave it

with a sense of almost complete bewilderment. He will learn that the old Europe can never exist again. He will agree that demobilization must proceed not in accordance with the convenience of the War Office but as the needs of the soldier dictate. He will agree that every effort must be made to relieve the tax-payer of his present burden; though he will be inclined to doubt whether the statement that the British financial system is equal, with "comparatively slight modifications," to the issues of reconstruction takes any of the admitted facts into account. He will sympathize with the demand for increased productivity and better industrial government. That land reform and great public works must be undertaken he will be inclined to admit as obvious. Nor is Mr. Villiers' plea for a diffused sovereignty, or his emphasis upon the benefits of free trade likely, in this generation, to fall upon deaf ears.

But when all is said and done, none of these generalizations can be called particularly illuminating. The problems of British reconstruction are far more intricate than they suggest. Mr. Villiers, in fact, belongs to that fast-dwindling band of England liberals to whom the pure-milk of Cobdenism remains as the most nourishing political food. He hardly seems to realize that we are once more in the age of vast governmental regulation. He does not seem to have grasped the obvious fact that, as in every age of critical transition, a demand is made by the dispossessed for the equation of our social principles with the theoretic principles of justice. It does not seem to occur to him that we are witnessing on a vast scale what is little less than a marvellous justification of the larger prophecies of the Communist Manifesto. For good or ill, what the war has defined with startling emphasis is the reality of the class-struggle, the determination of the workers to possess themselves of the state. The central problem of Great Britain after the war is the method by which response will be organized to that demand. We may have a conservative regime in which concessions will be offered in return for the partial preservation of the present order. We may, with less probability, have a liberal system which will endeavor to compromise between two opposing theories of life. It is possible, but only barely possible, that labor itself will capture political power, in which case the fundamental business will be the organization of the transition to a new form of social structure.

But what, in any case, we shall not have is the kind of picture with which Mr. Villiers presents us. England, whatever its faults, is not likely to attempt the solution of her difficulties in the haphazard, disconnected fashion in which Mr. Villiers puts his confidence. There does not exist a system of disconnected problems—land, industry, finance, public works, after the manner of Mr. Villiers' imagination. There is the problem of paying for the war; and there is the problem of satisfying the new needs that have arisen. The second is dependent upon the first; and it is because it will not wait for a slow process of repayment, there looms up the idea of a capable levy—already blessed timidly by Mr. Bonar Law—in which the greater portion of the debt may well be extinguished in less than a generation. And it is also because the new needs will not wait that the taxation which, in England, looms ahead will be of a different type than in the past. There will not be any immediate remission of the income tax as the Chancellor of the Exchequer was compelled to remit it after the Napoleonic wars. The immediate public needs will be decided upon and taxation will be adjusted to those needs. It is a minimum basis of civilization that is to be established; and if that involves lowering the standard of life previously en-

joyed by the leisured classes, they will have to learn to take comfort in the fact that they did once enjoy it. There will be immense entrenchments upon profits. Certain profitable key-industries—insurance, railways, lighting, coal, banking face the prospect of immediate public control. The old plan of a sinking fund to meet emergencies has had its day. It is difficult to see a national expenditure of less than four hundred millions sterling a year—already twice the pre-war revenue. Fancy taxes and tariffs are not the answer to such a situation; the response goes deep into the very structure of industry itself.

How deeply it goes a single fact may well make evident. In Mr. Goschen's great budget speech of 1892 he incidentally revealed that the profits of capitalists and directors returned for income tax were twice as great as those of the proprietors and managers of all the great productive industries. Everyone can see that this represents an immense burden upon production; and it is not insignificant in this connection that the main problem of the hour is the problem of industrial control. The worker demands a share in industrial management that, in the nature of things, will be increasingly greater; and it is obvious that the main obstacle to his acquisition of it is the existence of this large class of rentiers. Indeed, the unearned income that it has become essential to appropriate—so conservative a thinker as the late Lord Courtney could view with equanimity an income tax of sixteen shillings in the pound—is needed for the most elementary schemes of the Ministry of Reconstruction. The parasitic class must go; the great landed estates must go; and the management of industrial enterprise will suffer the same magnificent purgation Mr. McAdoo effected in the railways. It is only then that the road will begin to be clear.

For if one takes only the minimum programme of British reconstruction it is evident that it involves a reorganization of society. And that need has come at a time when not only has the working-class for the first time arrived within grasp of political power, but also when it has come to understand that the keystone of the arch is the control of knowledge. Nothing is more significant in the history of England during this war than the passage of Mr. Fisher's great Education Act; and the real root of its significance lies in the universal admission that it must be only the beginning of a vaster and wider educational structure. Education in England was, before the war, living a precarious and half-starved existence. Mr. Fisher has probably doubled the provision for it at a single stroke; and even so there are widespread murmurs that he has not done enough. Nor is that all. The material background of education has at last won recognition. The physique of the nation is about to involve the creation of a Ministry of Public Health. Housing is to be provided upon a scale unknown in the history of the world. Security of industrial tenure is an inevitable accompaniment of such reforms; and this, in its turn, involves the breakdown of industrial autocracy. Mr. Villiers notes the inadequacy of Lord Grey's suggestion that the end of the war will see a repetition of 1848. But there is a deeper sense in which Lord Grey was right. The workers of the world are uniting and from their union will come the destruction of their chains. In whatever direction we turn, it is the same spectacle that confronts us. Conservatism and liberalism in the old, historic sense are obsolete. We have a new alignment of forces in which the issue is economic democracy with the spiritual possibilities its establishment implies.

We ought not, indeed, to minimize the dangers that lie ahead. It is a capital fault in Mr. Villiers' book that

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—*The Dial*, issue of December 14

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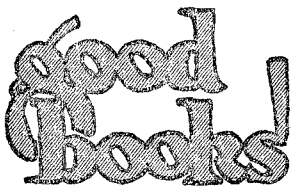
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he is so concerned with the possibilities of revolution that he does not decry the probability of reaction. Yet that surely is the immediate problem. The conservative forces of society have been awakened by the experience of Russia; and they have at their disposal weapons more powerful than any of us dream. The chance, for example, that in America a governmental policy of high wages and short hours may lull the worker into disastrous somnolence is only less urgent than the effort implied in the Republican proposals to stem the tide of labor advance. It may, indeed, well be that Senator Weeks is a greater friend to labor than Mr. Ford; for in the case of the former the issue is at least defined. What, at least, is certain is the fact that we shall not, in the next decade, live a stagnant life. Even if, whether in England or Russia or America, the forces of reaction are, for the moment, successful, that will only lead to a later and intenser struggle. We have reached the end of an age; and artificial efforts at its prolongation are bound to break down. It is as yet uncertain that labor will enter upon its heritage; but it has become at least obvious that labor will fight to enter upon its possession.

H. J. L.

Contributors

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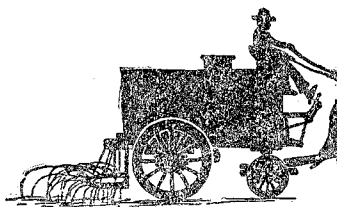
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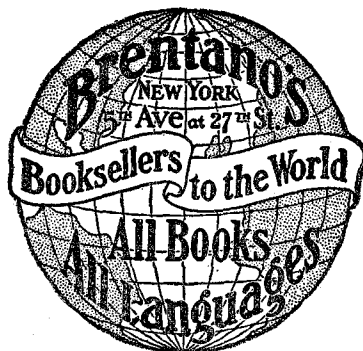
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